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Graphic

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Matters of Moment

Conference of the Governors.

The approaching conference of the Governors of the various States, called by President Roosevelt, is a matter of vital moment to all citizens of this country. President Roosevelt has invited Grover Cleveland, Andrew Carnegie, William Jennings Bryan, John Mitchell and James J. Hill to be present at this conference, and all, with the exception of Grover Cleveland, will unquestionably attend.

This conference is to consider the conservation of the national sources of heat, power and light—to save for the public the remaining resources of coal, wood, oil and water power, and to direct these sources of energy to the best public advantage.

We in California who have no coal worth mentioning, realize how other sources of energy have been gathered in by various corporations. Our oil industry exists largely by sufferance of one company, the Standard; our forests of pine and redwood have been transferred from the public domain to private ownership. Practically all of our available water power—certainly all of it in Southern California—has been diverted to private ownership.

Forestry and the creation of more forest reserves will receive due attention. Speaker Cannon of the House of Representatives has prevented, this session, the creation of the proposed hardwood forest reserve in the Southern Appalachians, but time will eliminate Mr. Cannon and his opposition. The valley States, torn by floods, due to the denudation of the mountains, will rectify that. And indeed it seems to us that at this time forestry and forest reserves open the greatest avenue for practical results among all the subjects proposed for the conference. People look on with equanimity when power companies appropriate water power rights; when the Standard Oil Company reaches out a little farther. The stern steel of necessity has not been driven into the minds of the average man when these things are mentioned. All of us are so busy with our own affairs that we do not resist the spoliation of the body politic.

But with the forests the situation is becoming acute, and there is an evident inclination to move. In Southern California, interest in forestry takes the shape of the creation of new forests of eucalyptus. Never before was there such a widespread inquiry about tree planting; the inquiry is general, because it has been borne in upon many land owners that a crop of eucalyptus will pay.

Perhaps the best known example of this is at Del Mar, where the Santa Fe Company will keep on planting until 8,000,000 trees have been set out. The Santa Fe will need ties—and there is no better tie than the eucalyptus. From this forest the Santa Fe hopes to obtain all ties needed. Up in Riverside county, so we are informed, a tract of 25,000 acres is to be set to eucalyptus. Were the furniture manufacturers of Grand Rapids to see the finishing of the Grosse building, of this city—eucalyptus—a new wood would be added to their variety of materials.

Over East the hardwood supply is rapidly diminishing, with a famine in plain view. The writer was reared in one of the famous hardwood districts of the United States, and personal experience is indicative of what has befallen all districts. The writer well remembers how his boyish heart was wrung when the furniture manufacturers came through and bought all of the standing black walnut—the days of walnutting were over when the axe-men followed the buyers. Next the buggy makers, the wagon makers and the implement makers cleared out all of the hickory. The furniture factories captured the oak and nearly everybody had a chance at the ash. When the writer last visited the home of his boyhood the beeches remained; not a month ago a manufacturer in this city showed the writer a series of desk drawers—made of beech. So that is doomed, too. The demand for hardwood is so urgent that furniture factories have bought up and demolished nearly all of the old log cabins of pioneer days; they have bought and demolished the heavy beamed and timbered barns that were built fifty, sixty and seventy years ago in the Middle

West. These old structures, all magnificently seasoned, supplied fine veneers. Even the old "worm" fences are going, so the writer is informed.

With hardwood in such urgent demand as these things indicate, it is easy to understand that forestry will move the assembled governors more than any single subject. But the time will come when coal monopoly and oil monopoly and water power monopoly will make the people's representatives move with as great celerity as dearth of timber is moving them today.

President Roosevelt has done many things of moment in his seven years of office, but we venture the opinion that nothing he has done will have a more lasting effect on the welfare of the people than this initial attempt to save the national resources for the benefit of future generations.

The Roosevelt Shadow.

All the Taft booming cannot conceal the shadow of Theodore Roosevelt, which, as the convention approaches, grows more prominent than ever. It has been the conviction of the "Graphic" for many months that a Taft deadlock may be followed by a Roosevelt stampede, and despite the "cocksureness" of the Taft prophets the conviction is confirmed in many quarters.

Congress has chosen to ignore the Roosevelt program at every opportunity. But who today doubts that the Roosevelt program is not the people's program? The recalcitrant attitude of the people's representatives is only calculated to whet the people's appetite for more Roosevelt. Simply because most of the really important legislation proposed this session has been urged in numerous special messages from the President, Congress has refused to do anything of importance. The President's preliminary measures are enumerated as follows:

Restricting the power of the Federal courts in the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes.

Amending the Sherman anti-trust law so as to establish a system of Federal licenses for inter-state corporations.

Enabling the railroads to form traffic associations so as to secure greater stability of rates and returns.

Removing some of the restrictions from combinations of labor.

Prohibiting railroads from blacklisting union employees.

Empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to control future issues of stocks and bonds of railroad property.

Permitting the Attorney-General to name one of the receivers for insolvent railroads.

Removing the duty on wood pulp.

Providing for the construction of four battleships, instead of two.

Establishing postal savings banks.

Such tactics instead of minimizing Roosevelt's influence in the eyes of the people are calculated to magnify it.

The Third Ford Trial.

Francis J. Heney apparently is still a popular idol—in Los Angeles. Last Saturday hosts of our townsmen sat at his feet to pay him tribute, to regale him with adulation such as his soul loveth. Doubtless it was a welcome for Francis J. Heney. Just a year ago Heney was the hope of the San Francisco mob. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels and the Labor Unions both looked to him to accomplish the complete rout of the hated Patrick Calhoun. The president of the United Railroads was to be sent to the penitentiary, and victory was to crown the joint conspiracies of Rudolph Spreckels and the striking carmen. Condign punishment also was to be meted out to William F. Herrin,

and the Southern Pacific's control of State politics at last was to be annihilated. Heney was going to do a lot of things. He said so himself at every opportunity. But, alas, his performance has not in a single instance equalled his promise. Heney is a fallen idol in San Francisco. His name is greeted with ridicule instead of adulation, and contempt has supplanted confidence.

Heney's experience is the inevitable fate of the demagogue. From the first the question that consumed Heney was not what would be the course of law and justice, but what Heney would do. "I will get Ford," "I will get Calhoun," "I will get Herrin," was the constant burden of his cry. And Heney has done none of these things, nor is there any longer any expectation that any of his boasts will be fulfilled.

At the very hour that Heney was addressing the City Club here, the Ford jury, after being absent from the box six minutes—just time enough to take a single ballot—was acquitting Ford. After Ford's first trial, when the jury disagreed—eight for acquittal and four for conviction—Heney's cry was "We will get Ford yet!" When after Ford's second trial the jury unanimously found him "not guilty," the same bloodhound cry was raised, "We will get Ford yet!" But Heney is discovering that juries are not to be deluded by his threats nor courts swayed by his bombast.

When the third Ford trial was threatened, we called it an unjust farce. The result justified that characterization. The leaders of the Prosecution themselves had no hope of accomplishing anything by trying Ford

a third time except to let themselves down with a less sudden flop. They abandoned the direction of the case to a subordinate in the district attorney's office, who bungled along over the already twice traveled road, lost his temper repeatedly and finally in addressing the jury violated all the decencies by sneering at the presence in court of relatives of the defendant, remarking that "every murderer that is placed on trial has his wife and children at his side, so that the jury may be influenced not to do its full duty." The temper and indecency displayed by deputy District Attorney O'Gara were evidences of his Heney training and characteristic of a prosecution, the inspiration of which all along has been personal vengeance.

There are another dozen indictments against General Ford. Doubtless the Prosecution would like to continue the game indefinitely. With absolutely no headway made against Ford, there is no possibility of proceeding against Calhoun, and hence the whole Spreckels plot totters to the ground. But public patience with Spreckels, Heney and Burns is almost exhausted. It was difficult enough to find twelve men in San Francisco to serve on the jury in the third trial who were not already convinced of Ford's innocence, and nine out of ten veniremen voiced their indignation at the prosecution's tactics. Perhaps Spreckels and Heney will now be wise enough to realize that the people cannot be fooled all the time, and that their hopes of "getting" their enemies are doomed to frustration.

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson. II

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

"I came here a poor boy in 1846, and since that time I have made and saved \$30,000."

"Do you know Mr. Lindsley?" asked Johnson, mentioning the name of a prominent Union man of Nashville, a representative Southerner of the aristocratic stamp, but whom Johnson admired on account of his unswerving loyalty.

"I do," answered the saddler, "and he will vouch for my Unionism, although he has owed me for a set of harness a good many years."

"Well," said Johnson, "I will see Mr. Lindsley, and you may call again tomorrow."

Soon afterwards Mr. Lindsley dropped in, and Johnson went over the whole ground, skipping, of course, the little incident of alleged indebtedness. But Mr. Lindsley couldn't quite place the saddler, and at last said: "You know, Governor, I have no personal acquaintance with harness-makers."

This greatly provoked Johnson, but he could not afford to say or do anything that might lessen the number of Southern Union men who were rallying around him. But many a time for a month or two afterwards Johnson would tap me on the shoulder and mutter: "You know, Governor, I have no personal acquaintance with harness-makers—ahem!"

One afternoon in October, 1862, I was sitting alone with Johnson in the Governor's office at the State Capitol, where we had been for some time watching the movements

of a squadron of Morgan's cavalry, Morgan at that time being in undisputed possession of nearly all of the country between the Cumberland River and Bowling Green, but did not dare to cross the river because the Governor had sent the Confederate commanders Morgan, Forrest and Breckinridge word that he had mined the city, and that he would "blow it to hell, women and children and all, if they dared throw a single shell into Nashville from any point. It was about this time that Johnson believed (and had so written to President Lincoln), that Buell was a traitor in the West, and that Fitz John Porter had yielded to affections stronger than patriotic ones in the East. It was during our darkest days, and Johnson was greatly dejected. I think he spoke no word for an hour, when at last he got up, approached nearer to where I was sitting, and said:

"Truman, do you believe in God?" I answered that I did. "So do I!" he responded, in words that dropped from his lips like beauty pearls. Then he placed his hand on my shoulder, and, partly closing his beautiful but snake-like eyes, and compressing his features, said: "So do I, now! But if this accursed rebellion succeeds I shall surely doubt the existence of a Supreme Being! Why will it not succeed? I'll tell you! Because God Almighty reigns, and is greater and better and stronger than Jefferson Davis!"

Some months later, while General Grant was operating in the neighborhood of Vicks-

burg, his lines took in a plantation owned by a brother of Jefferson Davis, and among other things of which General Grant became personally possessed was a letter from Davis to his brother, dated some six or seven months before the commencement of hostilities, and which General Grant very kindly sent to Mr. Johnson, and which contained the following allusion to the Military Governor, or as near as I can remember it:

"This man, mark me, will be found against us; and for these two reasons in particular: He is the most consummate demagogue in the country today, and he will attempt to achieve further distinction than he now enjoys by antagonizing the cause of separate nationality; and, because he is at heart and by nature an abolitionist, and really an enemy to slavery and all slaveholders, and his support of Breckinridge is a sham." etc.

Davis then went on to say that Johnson was genuinely the friend of the poor man and an enemy of the rich one, and referred to him as the real author of the Homestead bill, which was intended to provide homes and farms for those who could never acquire such kind of property in the usual way. Once or twice Davis used the sentence, "He is the most dangerous man (or obstacle) we have in our way," or words to that effect. I was custodian of the letter alluded to for nearly a year, when one day Johnson asked me for it and sent it to President Lincoln.

Shortly after our arrival in Nashville Mr. Johnson issued an order that all residents

owning muskets, rifles or revolvers, should bring them or send them to the Capitol and turn them over to me and obtain receipts for the same. In two or three weeks we had an arsenal containing hundreds of firearms, principally double-barrelled shot-guns, some of them of English manufacture, and very costly and beautiful. I had employed a young man as clerk, on the recommendation of Mrs. James K. Polk and other ladies. He wore eye-glasses, twisted up the ends of his moustache, and parted his hair in the middle. This was nearly fifty years ago, when not one young person in a hundred thousand wore spectacles or eye-glasses—the latter being called quizzing glasses or fop lights—and not one man in half a mil-

lion parted his hair in the middle. His name was Charles Bent, and he had come to Nashville from Boston some years before to occupy a position as teller in a bank. Now, one day Bent asked me to give him a magnificent double-barrelled shot gun, worth two hundred odd dollars, that had been turned in by Dick Cheatham, a brother of the Confederate general of that name, and I told him to come into the Governor's office with me and I would ask for the gun, which he took along. But before I could make good and ready to ask for the weapon, Bent, with his mustache well pointed, his hair oiled and parted in the middle, and his eye-glasses in place, struck an attitude, and bringing the muzzle down on the hard floor with tremendous force, "bang!" "bang!" it went and the charges buried

themselves in the ceiling. We were all three thunder-struck, but said nothing; for a while I looked directly in the face of the Military Governor, and he looked steadfastly at me. Presently, without speaking, I turned and went back to the provost-marshal's office and Bent followed. It was some hours before I mustered courage to seek the Governor and say something by way of explanation. And when I did get him I could only look into his face and say nothing. It was absolutely impossible for me to utter a word. But Johnson at last came toward me; and, putting a hand on my shoulder, said:

"Truman, show me a man who wears quizzing-glasses and parts his hair in the middle, and I'll show you a ——— fool!"

An Object Lesson for the Beaches

Santa Monica has another kick coming. But it is always kicking against the pricks like St. Paul. Come to think of it, there is no record that St. Paul did kick, but was asked by the Lord—if I remember right—why he did not kick. In those days the Lord was very lavish in advice to private individuals. In these degenerate days it seems to be misdirected energy, as nobody takes advice of this description. At any rate, it has been discontinued.

Santa Monica's new kick is that its inhabitants cannot even get away from it now; that is, with any measure of dispatch. The North Loop cars are carefully timed so that passengers just miss the Sawtelle cars at North Beach, and the Short Line cars at Hill street, Ocean Park. The two terminals of the Los Angeles Pacific are Hill street, Los Angeles, and Hill street, Ocean Park. The public has to skip like goats from hill to hill, and take all kinds of chances between.

"The public be goats" is the Los Angeles Pacific's modern adaptation of Commodore Vanderbilt's celebrated aphorism, "the public be d—d." When the broad gauge is finished, of course it will all be different.

When! But "the summer nights are coming and the moon shines bright and clear," and Santa Monica is very dependent on its summer nights and days, and wholly dependent on its Los Angeles Pacific.

When the fleet calmly and majestically steamed across the bay at about three knots an hour, the whole beach from Venice to Santa Monica Cañon was jammed with people. It took the railway from 8:30 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. to get them all away, and every car was packed to the limit. The people did not want to stay, but they could not get away any quicker. When there was nothing more to see (there was nothing to do) they tried to get away, but could not, though the cars ran as fast as they could be got started. Some of the motormen were on for thirty-four hours at a stretch.

The fleet was an object lesson to the beaches. Of course the spectacle was a very unusual occurrence, and patriotism, of which the American nation has the largest share, cut a great figure. But at the same time it shows evidence that a spectacle or a show, or anything you like to call it, will attract people when there is something to see.

Beaches, be prepared! Entertainments in the open air this summer will be your winning cards. In spite of the hard times, the southern population is getting ready to be pleased at the seaside. So many things can be done, but they ought to be done continuously, so that there is always "something doing," and the public should know that there is going to be something doing well ahead. This means, to be practical, a program given out in advance. What can be done with the present plant is:

Music in several places.

Swimming races in baths and in the sea. (only comparatively rough) water.

Aquatic sports other than races.

Tennis tournaments; hockey matches; cricket matches; baseball games; basket ball games; polo; yacht racing.

It is regrettable that there is no longer a golf course at any of the bay beaches, and this is one of the greatest drawing cards for permanent residents. Until, however, this is again obtained, which will eventuate there are other things to fill the gap. A good hotel is wanted, also, but it is coming.

G. L. WARING.

Arlington Station, Riverside, Cal.

A Coming Sculptor

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

One of the coming women sculptors of the day is, strange to say, a young negro girl. Meta Vaux Warlick, who claims Philadelphia as her home. Her work has already been compared with Rodin's and she has been ranked among the leading women sculptors of the United States. One of her largest and principal works was a group for the Jamestown Tercentennial, which represented the advancement of the negro since his landing in Jamestown in 1619. Many of her works have been exhibited in the Paris Salon. One of her best busts was of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, that shows her intense emotional and artistic insight. At the same time her work has been compared with that of the great negro painter, H. O. Tanner, who has taken some of the highest prizes and honors from Chi-

cago, Philadelphia, and other eastern cities, in that the work shows a peculiar wild fervor that reflects the early African life; great in imagination, full of a romantic spirit that at times savors of the weird, yet withal powerfully individual. Unfortunately she leans toward the tragedy of life, the haunting sorrow which seems deeply imbedded in her soul. It is sometimes hard to account for one's personal traits, but part of it may have been the result of several generations of hard work and poverty. Strict researches have been made as to her ancestry and it has been well established that her great-grandmother was an African princess who was brought from Africa straight to Philadelphia and sold as a slave. She became the wife of a white man, and this, it appears, is the only trace of African blood that has

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ever been in the family. The parents of the sculptress were, the father a barber, and her mother a hairdresser, always poor. Her career commenced in Philadelphia by winning a free scholarship in the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art of that city, during which time she gained great recognition. The piece that gained for her a wide reputation was a head of Medusa, that marked her as a talented sculptress. So harrowing and appalling, this head was proclaimed one of the most horrible pieces that had ever been modeled. The face was filled with lines of agony; eyes starting out of the sockets; gore streaming all over the face; and the whole entwined with coiling serpents. Nothing more terrifying or horrible could have been conceived and carried out. Of course it called forth tremendous criticism at the time, but it did not affect her either one way or the other. Shortly after making the Medusa head, she made a crucified Christ, which expressed every terrible human an-

guish; there was no spirituelle beauty to be traced in it whatever, nothing but intense, agonized suffering. It received adverse criticism solely on that account, and the sculptress was taken to task for expressing the Saviour in such hideous suffering. Her answer was: "If the Saviour did not suffer as human beings suffer, then wherein lay the sacrifice?"

She went to Paris in 1899 and suffered the usual hardships that all poor struggling students do in that Mecca of Art. Whilst there she had the good fortune to meet Augustus Saint Gaudens and Rodin, the two greatest sculptors of the age. Saint Gaudens met her with his usual kindness and encouragement; praising her work and inspiring new strength and force for further endeavors. At this time she obtained an introduction to Rodin, who had been previously spoken to about her. She started out to see the great sculptor at his pretty suburban residence at Mendon, taking with her many photographs of her work, and one sketch still

in the clay, just as she was working it. The great man wandered through all the photographs without showing one sign of recognition and when the sketch was uncovered his face began to show illumination and beaming toward the girl he exclaimed: "My child, you are a sculptor; you have the sense of form!" In the course of time Rodin visited the young girl sculptress, and when Rodin takes such a step it is an absolute assurance that one's career is undoubtedly assured; for it is well known that to be able even to gain permission to visit him means that the visitor must be endowed with some very marked ability; otherwise it is impossible. There is no doubt that Rodin has been her idol, as in the very few joyous subjects she has modeled, there is always a peculiar uncanny feeling throughout the piece. But there is no doubt that the morbid in this sculptress will be greatly tempered by time and pleasant associations, coupled with success, and that happier themes will inspire the creation of her expression.

By the Way

Primaries.

Throughout the contest between the "Organization" and the Lincoln-Roosevelt League for the control of the coming Republican State Convention, the "Graphic" kept religiously out of the discussion. Disliking railroad control of the State, the "Graphic" supported and voted for Theodore Bell for Governor against James N. Gillett. When the Lincoln-Roosevelt League sprang up we were—and are—in sympathy with its principal aims. But when its leaders hove into sight we became distrustful. There is no lasting strength in the leadership of George C. Pardee of Oakland, nor that of E. T. Earl and Meyer Lissner of Los Angeles. We said at the outset—and think now—that if the League had a southern leader like Thomas Hughes and a northern leader of equal skill and standing, a much better impression would be made on the public. Having unlimited contempt for E. T. Earl and no great confidence in Meyer Lissner, the "Graphic" took to the tall timber, so to speak, and there remains.

Strength.

The "League" developed unexpected strength in San Francisco. In Los Angeles it did not accomplish as much as one would have been led to suppose by the constant and noisy clamor of the "Express." That paper developed an unusual astuteness on the evening before the results were known, and said, very truthfully, that after all this was but a preliminary skirmish, and that the battle would have to be fought all along the line. The "Express" was looking for a soft spot on which to fall, if it was necessary to fall at all; but unwittingly it told the truth.

More Fighting.

The contest, so far, may be classed as a drawn battle. "The Organization" has a majority of the votes in Los Angeles; the "Leaguers" many delegates in the outside sections of the county. Neither side won anything decisively unless the vote in

the residential districts of the southwestern section of the city for the "League" may be said to be decisive. "The Organization", depend upon it, will redouble its energies; the "Leaguers" have enough of the taste of victory to spur all hands to more determined efforts. So, as I said, the "Express" told the strict truth in saying that this is a preliminary skirmish and the fight will go on.

Otis.

I have no regret that Harrison Gray Otis is to go to the Republican National Convention, the victory of "The Organization" making this a certainty. To defeat his aspirations all of the laborites in town and San Pedro made common cause with the "League". I am not advising the Pardee-Earl-Lissner alliance but if they expect to achieve permanent success they must discard this connection. A lasting deal with Fennessy and Hay and Biddle can end only in defeat in Los Angeles. It is as fatal to any political cause as the permanent championship of Harrison Gray Otis. Neither am I advising "The Organization", but let me say right here that a permanent alliance with General Otis will lead to certain and lasting defeat. His adherence to any political cause is as fatal as that of the labor union people. Los Angeles will no more follow him in directing its political affairs than it will follow the "laborers" who labor with their tongues.

Enough.

In undertaking to send Harrison Gray Otis to the National Convention in return for the very doubtful value of the support of the "Times", "The Organization" has done all for General Otis that it ought to do. It is doing more than Mark Hanna would ever have done for him were Hanna still living. Time and again Hanna prevented "the General" from securing any acknowledgement at the hands of the Republican party. The California Republicans can afford to let "the General" go to the con-

vention—but there it should end.

Cole.

The Cole-Harper-Schwamm element in the democracy is in command of the situation, and bids fair so to remain. The Democratic League failed to make a dent in Cole's control. This was naturally to be expected. All of the nominees on the Democratic League's ticket were made by a kitchen cabinet, consisting of W. R. Burke, "Windy" Moore, and one or two others. The rank and file of the Democracy rejected the Democratic League on the theory that it is a kid-glove, cold-water, silk-stock-ing aggregation—and the Los Angeles Democracy has never cottoned to that element.

"Getting" Otis.

Had Harrison Gray Otis the ordering of all things hereabouts, I would be run out of town. My name, so I am told, adorns the infamous (or famous) Black Book. I am to be "punished" whenever possible, and my name is not to be printed. These things I can bear with due Christian fortitude. They do not deter me from giving Harrison Gray Otis any credit that may be coming to him. For instance, when Francis J. Heney comes down here from San Francisco and says that he is going to "get" Otis—to put him in jail—I have to laugh. Nothing doing, Mr. Heney. You can get all sorts of vociferous applause whenever you make that assertion in Los Angeles, for Harrison Gray Otis would never win the first prize for personal popularity in this town; but when you talk of bringing his white hairs in sorrow to a cell, there is a different sort of contract on hand. Much as I do not love "the General," I am always ready to admit that there is considerable good in him, just as there is in Satan, and as there was in Richard III and Louis XI, and other objectionable personages. And a talking machine will not "get" him—you must have the evidence, Mr. Heney, and it doesn't exist. Plenty of people have hunted for it, people as smart as Mr. Heney,

but they never uncovered this brand of evidence against "the General."

Mr. Heney.

I did not go to the City Club's luncheon when Heney spread himself; I did not go to the evening demonstration. I knew what Heney would say, and time is too valuable to listen to repetitions: A very good friend of mine who trains with the Lincoln-Roosevelts and the Meyer-Lissner wing generally—a man in whom I have every confidence, said to me Monday: "Yes, I heard Heney; I never heard a speech like it; never expect to hear another just like it. If Heney made many speeches in Los Angeles he would set people to thinking pretty seriously. Heney is better at a distance of 500 miles than he is here. I think he has lost his head entirely."

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Tribute to Dodge.

The newspaper writers who have flung their superlatives to the breeze in recording the visit of the Fleet have received due recognition. At least some of them did. But of all the newspaper achievements in this regard the reporters and special correspondents were distanced by an artist. In my humble estimation the newspaper extract best worth preserving was the wash drawing of the battleship fleet at San Pedro, made by Arthur Dodge of the Los Angeles "Times." The picture appeared to even better advantage when reproduced in black and white by the San Francisco "Chronicle" than in the "Times'" colored supplement. The color "deck" of the best newspaper press is by no means an aid to artistic work. Arthur Dodge's work is so immeasurably superior to that of the average newspaper "artist" that one's only regret is that fate has compelled him to devote his talents to this line of industry, which necessarily cramps, thwarts, hurts and hurries true art. Dodge has spent many years in the newspaper grind, but it has by no means spoiled the fidelity and delicacy of his work. He is the one newspaper artist I have ever known who, however insistent was the call of the engraver for speed, never permitted himself to be so hurried as to turn out a slipshod or unworthy piece of work. The art department of the "Times" has improved immensely during the last four years under Dodge's watchful eye. Not the least admirable part of his newspaper work has been the careful and kindly aid and encouragement he has always given his assistants. Not a few newspaper artists now in the East earning far bigger salaries than "Old Man" Dodge himself will gladly confess that they owe nine-tenths of their success to Dodge's patient training.

How Familiar!

I notice by one of the evening papers that on May 6, 1883, "the oldest inhabitant says he never has witnessed such a down pouring of rain as we have witnessed in the last few days. Is the climate changing?" How familiar this sounds! After the showers of a few days ago, "the oldest inhabitant"

—who never dies—told the readers of the daily papers precisely the same thing and all of the climatic sages asked precisely the same question.

Earlier Changes.

This question of changes in climate, so called, dates back nearly seventy years. Richard Henry Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast" mentions the southeasterly blows which sent the hide ships scurrying to sea; when Mr. Dana revisited the Pacific Coast in 1859, more than twenty years later, he was told that the southeasterly blows were a thing of the past and that the "climate had changed." Funny isn't it?

Read It Again.

Most of us, when in our school days, read "Two Years Before the Mast," but the recollection of it grows faint as years go by. I have just read it, after the lapse of perhaps twenty-five years. It is a book that should be re-read—especially by those who have come to California in recent years. All of the spots and places that Dana mentions take on new interest after one has personally visited all or some of the places that Dana visited in the hide droghers. San Diego, San Juan Capistrano, San Pedro, Dead Man's Island, Santa Barbara and San Francisco bay assume new interest when connected with the trip that Dana made to this coast some seventy years ago.

Personalities.

And there are some personalities mentioned in Dana's book that have a live interest to many people living in Los Angeles. For instance, Henry Mellus with whom Dana was on the friendliest of terms and who left the hide ships to become a clerk on shore, was an uncle of James J. Mellus, one of the most widely known and respected citizens of this city. Dana mentions the gallant manners and graceful dancing of one of the Bandinis—the father of Mrs. Arcadia de B. Baker. He mentions, too, the Noriegas and de la Guerras of Santa Barbara, who seventy years ago were splendid entertainers—and it is only last week that these same families were among the leaders in the entertainment of the Atlantic Fleet at Santa Barbara. Yes, by all means re-read "Two Years Before the Mast."

Whose Bible?

I am again constrained to ask the clergymen of this city who desire to have the Bible read in the public schools, whose Bible is to be read. Rev. A. C. Smither has been before the Ministerial Association urging the members of that body to start a campaign for funds with which to make a test case. The assembled ministers decided to try to raise the money among their respective congregations. Now whose Bible? The Protestant Bible or the Catholic Bible? The Koran, the Bible of the Jews, the writings of Confucius or "Science and Health" with Key to the Scriptures? The ministerial association may not think so, but they are taking liberties with a mighty big subject just now.

Want Work.

That was a funny little "strike" that John Blackwood of the Belasco had on his

California Furniture Co.
BROADWAY NEAR SEVENTH 639 TO 645
This Company has no connection with any other concern in the city.

Body Brussels Rugs For the Bedroom

THEY combine the very features that go to make a bedroom restful, cheery and bright.

They come in artistic effects, in quiet monotonies, light blues, pinks, greens, etc. The designs and colorings are the very essence of harmony.

And the fabric itself is splendid for service—and is much more sanitary than heavy pile fabrics.

The collection of these rugs and carpets at the "California" is very interesting. We invite you to come and see it.

We make rugs in any special shape or size to suit any room. For room sizes the prices range from \$20 to \$55. We know the values cannot be surpassed.

California Furniture Company,
Broadway 639 to 645.

hands early this week. Eleanor Care Florence Smythe and Dot Bernard have been on a vacation ever since "The Girl of the Golden West" began its phenomenal run. They have been on full pay—but no work. The two called on Blackwood and insisted on something to do—anything. I told them they might go on as supernumeraries in "The Girl"; but there are no women supernumeraries. The sight of Eleanor Care in man's attire might break up the play, although Dot Bernard and Florence Smythe could make up as jaunty little youths. Both of them would be cute little boys. The situation will lose its strenuousness on Monday night.

Earl is Fishing.

E. T. Earl and the "Express" are fishing for their lost theatrical advertising. When the theater managers, who did not relish the constant Sunday closing hammering of the "Express," resented the attack by withdrawing their advertising support, nothing was too scurrilous for the "Express" to say about the theaters. "Vile" was favorite word. Nowadays the "Express" has changed its tune. I reprint from this week's "Express":

THEATERS.

GRAND—"A Fighting Chance." Sensational.
LOS ANGELES—Richard Jose in "Don't Tell My Wife." Star pleasing.
AUDITORIUM—"The Bohemian Girl." Delightful.
FISCHER'S—"The Two Senators." Light.
BURBANK—"Salomy Jane." Entertaining.
BELASCO—"The Girl of the Golden West." Fifth week.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville. Fair.
MASON—Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold." Excellent.

ONE PRICE - PROMPT DELIVERY

A Large New Shipment of UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE Unpacked and Ready for Your Inspection

Parlor, living-room and library pieces in the popular Old Colonial and some splendid English designs. Odd chairs and rockers—beautiful specimens of the cabinet makers art. You should see them.



LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA



BACK EAST EXCURSIONS

Season 1908

Excursion tickets for the round trip will be sold to the following named points, on certain dates during April, May, June, July and August.

ROUND TRIP RATES

Baltimore, Md.	\$107.50	Mineola, Tex.	\$60.00
Boston, Mass.	110.50	New Orleans, La.	67.50
Chicago, Ill.	72.50	New York, N.Y.	108.50
Council Bluffs, Ia.	60.00	Omaha, Neb.	60.00
Houston, Tex.	60.00	Philadelphia, Pa.	108.50
Kansas City, Mo.	60.00	St. Louis, Mo.	67.50
Leavenworth, Kan.	60.00	St. Paul, Minn.	73.50
Memphis, Tenn.	67.50	Washington, D.C.	107.50

Tickets good 90 days, but not later than Oct. 31st. Also good for stopovers in certain territories, and will be honored on the Famous California Limited.

JNO. J. BYRNE,

Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, Los Angeles, Cal.



A. R. KLOEB

Distributor

244 South Broadway

J. J. Lonergan —: THE :— John Koster NEW IMPERIAL CAFE

ENTRANCES:

243 S. Spring St.; 242 S. Broadway

Refurnished, Redecorated and Heated to Suit
the Season.

Vocal and Instrumental Selections from 1 to 5:30
p. m. daily. Imperial Orchestra and Electric Silver
Chimes from 6:30 to 12:45.

M. de Haaff

Commercial Photographer

Interiors, Exteriors and Flashlights.

Newspaper and Advertising
work a specialty.

399 Wilcox Bldg.

Home A 6649

"Box Office."

The character of the attractions is no better and no worse this week than during the months that the "Express" has plastered the theaters with abuse. The "Express" is "playing for the boxoffice"—in other words, it is bidding for the coin. To get theatrical advertising it will deliberately say what it formerly asserted was not so. Judas sold the Master for thirty pieces of silver. About \$600 a month is E. T. Earl's price; and if the theater managers fall into the trap they are not the sort of people I take them to be.

Sessions.

Archibald W. Sessions, the organist, will be in Europe this summer, and his visit should be productive of much benefit. Mr. Sessions will first visit Guilmant, the world-famous organist, whose pupil he once was. Guilmant is just now completing a musical service for the Church of England and this will be brought to Los Angeles by Mr. Sessions. Mr. Sessions will then make a special study of cathedral music at King's College chapel, Cambridge, and a concert tour through Europe will follow.

Clark's Carbuncle.

The daily papers give us complete and accurate accounts of the condition of the carbuncle that afflicted the esteemed neck of former Senator William A. Clark. No one is paying much attention to the financial carbuncle known as Clark Copper. Lots of people would find much interest in some real money out of that carbuncle.

Mushet.

City Auditor Mushet has begun his promised investigation into the affairs of the school board. This is all that the board has asked and when it is all over and done with the public will know what manner of mare's nest the "Times" created for discovery by the city auditor. The board of education, it is to be hoped, will insist upon the return of \$60,000 to its funds, cut from the allowance by the city council. It so happens that in this matter the board has the support of the city attorney's office.

Earl Describes Earl.

"No 'union labor agitators,' 'anarchists,' 'new-lights' or 'half-baked reformers' live in the thirty-eighth precinct, which is made up of solid, substantial citizens of Los Angeles." So says the Evening "Express." E. T. Earl lives in that precinct and Mr. Earl's estimate of himself is that he is a "solid and substantial citizen." It would be a crime to tell in what classification most of the residents of that precinct place E. T. Earl.

In Contrast.

I paid my respects last week to General Otis—and I believe the respects of every decent man and woman in this community—for the "Times" brutal exultation at the demise of the "Evening News." The "Times" in jumping with glee on the corpse of an enemy made a demonstration of indecency and malevolence unparalleled in the history of journalism. However, considering the hundreds of letters received by Sam Clover, expressive of the general regret and sympathy felt at his misfortune, he himself could well afford to

smile at the contemptible exhibition the "Times" made of itself. In striking contrast to the "Times" review of a fallen foe is the following from the Oakland Tribune:

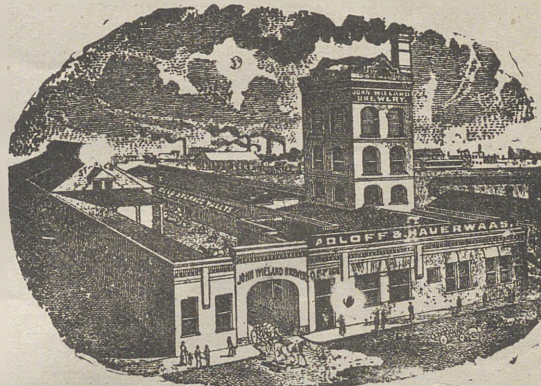
The suspension of the Los Angeles "Evening News" during the past week will be sincerely regretted by every friend of clean and honest journalism. It is only about three years since the "Evening News" was started by a newspaper corporation and placed under the management of Sam T. Clover. The latter has proved that he is one of the cleanest and ablest men in the profession. But the suspension of the paper which he so ably managed was not due to any lack of ability in the management, for Clover is possessed of exceptional talent and the true newspaper instinct. Up to the time the financial panic struck Wall street last October and swept all over the country, the Los Angeles "Evening News" was steadily increasing in popularity and influence and to all appearances was on the high road to success. The effects of the panic naturally paralyzed business, particularly that kind of business which constitutes the vital support of a newspaper. As the younger, and naturally the weaker, member in the circle of local publications, the "Evening News" felt the effects of the panic more keenly and seriously than any of its contemporaries, and notwithstanding its strenuous efforts to weather the storm, it finally succumbed. It certainly deserved a better fate. But the "News" died honorably, as every claim against it is fully covered. No one suffers except the stockholders of the corporation and its talented editor.

Appreciation Enough.

The Fleet Committee did a wise and proper thing when they promptly sent a courteous refusal to the testimonial that the sailors of the Atlantic Fleet wanted to give Los Angeles in commemoration of the good time they had here. The intention was the kindest and did the sailors honor. But the intention was enough mark of their appreciation. Such an expression of gratitude from a guest is all that any host can desire, and

WIELAND EXTRA PALE

CHICAGO LOHENGRIK LAGER BEER



The Great Western Product
Family Trade a Specialty

Phones—Main 468; Home Ex. 468

ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS, Sole Agents.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., April 16-08.

Notice is hereby given that James R. Shaw, of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11097, made April 30, 1906, for the Lot 1, Sec. 34, Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Sec. 35, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on June 19, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Stephen Strong, Ray Strong, Norwalk, Cal.; F. R. Miner, Santa Monica, Cal.; S. A. Thompson, Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 9-5t Date of first publication May 9-08.

more than repaid Los Angeles. No monument is needed to record the welcome given the Fleet, for it will live in the memory of every man, woman and child that witnessed it. Los Angeles once more demonstrated that she does not do things "by halves," but that when she starts on any movement her sons are ready with "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether" to force it to success. If there be a distinctive virtue of which this community can be properly proud, is it this spirit of co-operation for common cause with which no internal dissensions nor personal jealousies are permitted to interfere.

Hobson.

We have all been fleet mad for the past three weeks, and why not? No other nation in the world could muster such a tremendous armada in such a short time, that could take a journey half round the world and come out successful without accident. There must be a great story back of this wonderful achievement; a story of the construction, arrangements, perfection of detail, the securing and allotment of contracts, building of vessels. Congress has had much to do with this arrangement. Then there is the comparison of our present navy with those of other nations; what a tremendous story to tell! And there is no man in this great country better able to tell this story than all the others put together—Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, Congressman from Alabama, who made such a strenuous fight for a greater American navy last month in Washington. Undoubtedly but very few of those who witnessed the arrival of the fleet at San Pedro will be able to crowd into

the Polytechnic high school on next Saturday night, May 9, when Captain Hobson will speak under the auspices of the Polytechnic high school student body and the Spanish-American war veterans on the subject of America's mission as peace maker among the nations.

On Sunday evening, May 10, in Symphony Hall, at the Hill street entrance to the Blanchard Building, B. R. Baumgardt, by request, will deliver his new lecture on "Pompeii and Herculaneum" and take his auditors in an easy-chair journey on a visit to these cities of the dead.

FOR SALE—Hardware and plumbing business, 1330 West Pico Street. Will sell the stock of hardware at invoice, or the business as it stands, including good will in jobbing trade. Business established over seventeen years; only reason for selling other line of business. Good long lease, and low rent. Apply at premises and investigate this fine chance.

Clubhouse for Fishermen.

The Tuna Club of Catalina Island, which in the ten years of its existence has achieved a world-wide reputation, is at last to realize its long cherished ambition. Before the fishing season is at its height—by next July—the club expects to have its own clubhouse ready for the accommodation and comfort of members. The building is already under way, and will contain all the comforts of home for the angler. The Banning Company generously gave the club the freedom of one of its best lots, north of the Metropole Hotel. The club house is being built on piles over the water, and will have its private wharf for members. Among its accommodations and attractions will be a buffet, large "living room," locker room for rods, reels, etc.; roof garden, and a number of sleeping apartments. Such a club-house will add immeasurably to the comfort and convenience of the fishermen, and will increase the fame of the club, which numbers among its members many of the most distinguished sportsmen in the world—including Theodore Roosevelt and Grover Cleveland. This time next year—perhaps—Mr. Roosevelt, who has caught or killed most of the big game on the American continent, or in American waters, may find time to come to the Pacific Coast and try to earn a gold button.

Pioneer Plumb.

The first tuna, I believe, ever caught on rod and reel in the Pacific Ocean was the prize of J. Neal Plumb, a New York banker, in the summer of 1895, off Avalon. I well remember the excitement caused by this enthusiastic sportsman's catch. It required several committees to decide what this "mackerel" really was, and the united deep-sea wisdom of Charles Frederick Holder and David Starr Jordan was enlisted to solve the problem. In those days fishing at Avalon was a considerably more expensive pastime than nowadays. The late Mr. Plumb used to catch about twenty yellowtail a day, but some one calculated they cost him at least five dollars apiece. There were no gasoline launches at Avalon in those days, and Plumb used to hire the "Fleetwing" to take him to the fishing grounds. Then he would re-embark in

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

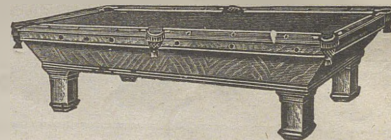
SECURITY FOR SAVINGS

- ☐ All the deposits in this bank are Invested in interest-bearing securities of the First Class.
- ☐ Its loans are all examined and approved in writing by a board of 14 Directors which meets each week for this purpose.
- ☐ It carries at all times a proper and safe cash reserve and when it has a larger cash reserve than necessary for the accommodation of its depositors it loans the surplus At Home at reasonable rates of interest.
- ☐ It is the Oldest and Largest Savings Bank in the Southwest.
- ☐ Capital and Reserve \$1,200,000.00.

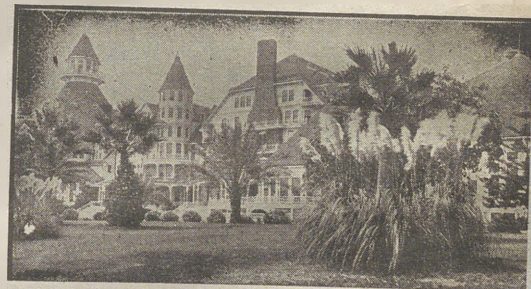
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SPRING and FIFTH STS., LOS ANGELES

BILLIARDS

Provides healthful entertainment and recreation—let us show you our specialties



— Catalogues Free —
The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
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Coronado Beach, California

Summer Rates \$3.50 per Day and Upward

Coronado Agency 334 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles

Morgan Ross, Manager

CAFE BRISTOL



The high-class appointments, perfect service, and unexcelled menu of the

Cafe Bristol appeals to discriminating people.

ENTIRE BASEMENT H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.
4TH AND SPRING

FREE DELIVERY
EVERYWHERE

CAWSTON CALIFORNIA OSTRICH FEATHERS

Best in the World

Awarded Prize Medals at Paris, St. Louis, Buffalo, Omaha, Portland and Jamestown.

Tips, Plumes, Boas, Stoles, Muffs
For Sale at Producers Prices

Old Feathers Cleaned, Dyed, Recurled

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Have the Best
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All brands of recognized merit—whether Foreign or Domestic—have a place in this stock. I make catering to the best class of Family Trade a specialty. Telephone and your order will be delivered anywhere.

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Main 38 ; Home 38 :: 129-131 N. Main Street

TO GIVE YOU

A delicious Port we spare neither time nor expense in producing the Good Samaritan Port Wine. \$1.00 a bottle. Never sold in bulk.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WINE CO.
744 So. Spring St. 518 So. Main Street

LEVY'S CAFE

N. W. CORNER THIRD and MAIN

The Best Conducted Cafe and Restaurant on the Pacific Coast. :: ::

Business Men's Lunch Daily—40 Cents,
Which Includes Coffee, Tea, Beer, or Wine. Entrance on Main.

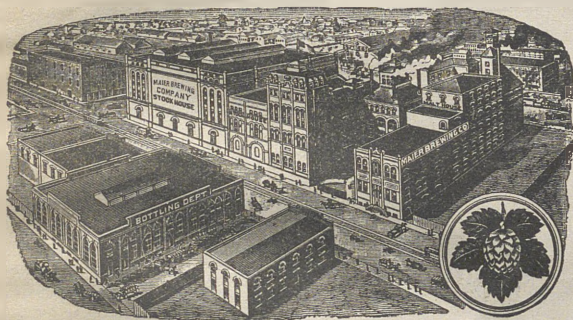
Prof. Ferdinand Stark; and his fine orchestra every evening from 6 to 8 and from 9:45 to 12:15.
Cars run to all parts of the city and Pasadena.

Hotel Frisco

317½ South Main Street

H. Y. SCHOONER & CO.

"Select Brew" The Beer of
the Connoisseur



Maier Brewing Co.

440 Aliso St. Both Phones Exchange 91

"Mexican Joe's" rowboat. Plumb found it impossible to get breakfast early enough in Avalon; so he started a restaurant for his own convenience, and called it "Delmonico's."

"The Alhambran."

Alhambra is to have a new, live, fearless and strictly down to date newspaper. "The Alhambran" is to be the name of it. The editor is Mr. Routhe, one of the progressive citizens, and who is known as justice of peace Routhe. The paper is to be a weekly, and devoted to the interests of Alhambra and the entire San Gabriel valley. Success is assured if conducted on the basis outlined.

Christian Science Lecture.

Second Church of Christ, Scientist, of this city, has engaged Mr. Bicknell Young, C. S. B., of Chicago, Ill., to lecture on the subject of Christian Science at Shrine Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 10. Mr. Young is a graduate of the National Training School for Music in London, England, and was a well-known baritone singer, a teacher of singing and a lecturer upon subjects relating to music. He was healed in 1890 of serious physical diseases by Christian Science, and for the last twelve years has been associated with its church work. He was soloist and precentor for First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Chicago, for nearly five years, First Reader of Second Church for three years, and Publication Committee of the State of Illinois for one year. This is an excellent opportunity for those who wish to learn something of this subject, which is attracting the attention of thinking people all over the world. Seats are free to the public.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Chautauqua.

The management of the Venice Chautauqua is rapidly completing arrangements for the forthcoming summer session. Dr. Jordan of Stanford University has arranged a most complete dissertation in "Ichthyology." Prof. Augustus T. Murray, Professor of Greek at Stanford, has a most extensive

and comprehensive article on the historic cities of Greece, their temples, monuments and statuary. The art department, in charge of Hector Alliot, bids fair to become practically an art exhibit from the splendid material which is being furnished by those who are interested in this work. Prof. Alliot will also be the director of fine arts day, and work in connection with the women's clubs on Federation day. This section of the Chautauqua work is to be most complete, and practically every woman's club in the southern part of the State has already accepted the invitation for the days devoted to the work, and will be present with their friends. Music is being elaborately arranged and the entire history of music in Southern California is being reviewed. Much stress is being laid on the original music of the Spanish and Mexican days, and early Indian music will have a greater part in the work. "The Love Letters of a Musician," the most dainty bit of musical literary work arranged in years, with nineteen musical numbers descriptive of the fifteen chapters, will be one of the prominent musical mosaics of the series. Mons. Planel of the French Conservatory of Music in Paris, and his charming wife, have been secured for an evening of French compositions with explanatory notes given in connection with violin and piano numbers. Mons. and Mme. Planel are the official representatives of this department of French education, sent abroad by the French government, and will prove one of the most interesting features of the Venice entertainments.

Moss.

It has become the practice of the "real estate editors" of the "Examiner" and the "Times" to describe new residences in such glowing and gushing terms that I discount much of what they say. I have seen six and seven-room bungalows so extravagantly described that one would think them palaces. What these writers will do to Leon F. Moss's new home at Hoover and Lake streets when they get the chance, will stagger even their acknowledged powers of rhetorical greenery. I had the pleasure of going through this place with Frank D. Hudson the other day, and believe me, it is a house of which any man, owner or architect, should be proud. And the exterior is modest, too; just cedar shakes, but obtained from Oregon especially for this structure.

Rafert.

After E. O. Sawyer, Jr., who has forsaken the camera, I have always believed M. E. Rafert of the "Times" the ablest newspaper photographer Los Angeles has ever known. Some weeks ago I referred to Rafert's undeniable cleverness in obtaining

Specialty Business Property and
High Class Residence Property

MINES & FARISH
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
315 S. HILL STREET

FULLY EQUIPPED RENTAL DEP'T.
GIVE US A CALL Phones { Home Ex. 1457
Main 1457



FAMILY TRADE SOLICITED

Phones, Sunset East 66 Home Ex. 942

snap shots at an automobile hill-climb. Rafert's latest achievements at the visit of the Fleet to San Diego are shown in the current number of "Leslie's Weekly"; in the same number is Rafert's photograph taken at the opening of the baseball season, with Mayor Harper officiating as pitcher and James J. Jeffries behind the bat.

Police Cocksurenness.

Some time during the winter season, after a highway robbery and murder had startled the public and the police, a man—whose name I cannot now recall—was arrested while standing on First street and was accused of the crime. It was known that the robber and murderer had lost a finger—and the man who was arrested was maimed in this manner. This man was "sweated" mercilessly by the police. It was given out at police "headquarters" that they had the right man and he was branded, by name, as a robber and murderer. Two or three days later the perpetrator of the deed was caught; the man in question proved an alibi and went forth from the city jail a victim of police cocksurenness.

Another Case.

Last fall a student in the University of California was arrested and locked up in the Alameda County jail, charged with murder. The police authorities of Berkeley and the District Attorney of Alameda County did not hesitate to tell the world that the young man was undoubtedly guilty and had "tied the rope about his own neck." But the grand jury, after reviewing the alleged evidence against the young man, refused to return an indictment. Now that young man has brought suit against the Berkeley police authorities. He demands damages. The Berkeley chief of police says he acted upon what he thought was right in arresting the young man for murder; "We were advised by the District Attorney as to what course to take; we were perfectly right from our standpoint, and acted entirely within our legal rights."

Police Lawlessness.

It is not true that the Berkeley police acted entirely within their legal rights. They had no legal right to say and publish, or cause to be published, the assertion that the accused was undoubtedly guilty of murder, nor had they a legal right, during part of the time of his confinement, to deny him the privilege of communicating with his family or with his attorney. There is too much police lawlessness in this country. It is of no benefit in the suppression or prevention of crime, and should not be tolerated. It is not necessary for the police to step outside the law to do their duty. And the fact that the University student has seen fit to bring action for damages against the Berk-

ley authorities may be followed by an action brought by the local victim of misdirected police energy.

Hearst.

This being a political year I advise every one in local politics to buy a copy of the May "Review of Reviews" and get a comprehensive idea of Mr. Hearst as a political factor. The article on Hearst is entitled, "Hearst: A Political Problem." Written by one who styles himself a Democratic politician, the article shows deep insight into Hearst's policies and accurate knowledge of Hearst's political history. Only one so inspired could have penned the following sentence: "In California the 'Examiner' has pursued so devious a course that no man without an encyclopedic memory can tell how often it has supported or how often bolted the Democratic ticket. Of course, it was the strongest force which put the now discredited Schmitz into the Mayor's office, and, being a Hearst paper, was the quickest to turn upon him and attempt to conceal its own part in his election by the noise of its denunciations of him in his downfall."

If that is not so true as to be Revealed Political Religion, I err in my understanding of things Hearstian. If the remainder of his estimate of Hearst is as true as the sentences quoted, somebody under the anonymous title of "A Democratic Politician" has achieved the acme of political analysis and wisdom.

Baillie.

David G. Baillie, associate editor of the Los Angeles "Financier" has just published a new book on shorthand, which experts say, is destined to become the standard work on the subject. Mr. Baillie's career before coming to California is a most interesting one; his attainments were so marked that when President McKinley was here he offered Mr. Baillie a consulship, but the position was refused, as he wanted to devote his spare time to the book now published. Mr. Baillie is not only a shorthand authority, but he is proficient in Latin, Greek, French and Gaelic.

Roads.

Some two or three months ago I referred to work being done by the Highway Commission in preparing a report on the road building campaign necessary in Los Angeles County. That report, I am told, is about ready for publication. For \$3,000,000 this

Los Angeles Ry. Co.

HOW PASSENGERS CAN AVOID ACCIDENTS

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the lookout for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.

CONFECTIONER CATERER

NICKEL'S

Meals Served, 8:00 A. M. to 11:30 P. M.

Home Cooking a Specialty

MUSIC SATURDAY NIGHTS

127 South Spring St. Home Phone A 4110

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Troquois Bottling Co.

EXCLUSIVE BOTTLERS FOR
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Take Vernon Car, Second and Spring Streets

The Old Government THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY



This Whisky Is Pure
As Pure Can be,
I bottle it Myself
You See.

BOTTLED IN BOND-100 PROOF • SPECIAL RESERVE, Free Bottling, 90 PROOF

A VERITABLE GASTRONOMIC ACHIEVEMENT COMMENCED LAST
MONDAY AND KEPT UP DAILY, A BUSINESS MEN'S

Lunch at Levy's Cafe, 40 Cents

FOR A CHOICE MIDDAY MEAL, INCLUDING COFFEE,
TEA, WINE OR BEER

ENTRANCE TO THIS BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH GRILL ROOM ON MAIN
A few steps north from 3rd

county can obtain the finest road system in the west. The bond election to authorize the issuance of the securities should be the easiest sort of sledding.

Improvements.

Nor is road building the only thing to be done by the county. Additions to the jail are imperative; the new county building north of the court house must come—and soon. This is the favorite plan of Supervisor Patterson and should be carried into execution. The county hospital's wants are imperative, and the old central building of that institution—a disgrace to the county which houses human beings in it—should be replaced and more wards built. Most of these things can be done out of the tax levy, but the road building program is too big a one to be met in this manner.

Harbor Defense.

While I share in the general hope that sooner or later San Pedro harbor will be properly fortified. I have advices from Washington to the effect that there is not much prospect of the \$500,000 appropriation remaining in the appropriation bill. A \$500,000 appropriation looks good, but in these matters I am content to abide by the decision of the experts who are arranging the system of national defenses. About \$6,000,000 is set aside for fortifications at various points in the Pacific Ocean. The only Pacific power which America has need to watch is Japan. If the army and navy experts think the coast is best defended by great naval stations, by the strongest possible fortifications at Manila and Hawaii, well and good. That is their business—not mine—and they ought to know. They hold that in case of war with a Pacific power, the possession of Hawaii is of paramount importance, to provide the fleet with a haven of refuge and repair. Without Hawaii no trans-Pacific power has a ghost of a chance to operate against the coast. No doubt many will be disappointed at the decision of the army experts to let us wait a while, but in this we can sacrifice the American desire for an appropriation, to imperative considerations of national defense.

No Bonds.

Plenty of rumors are flying about that the City Gas Company, the Sartori-Miner combination, is about to issue bonds for the further prosecution of its plans. I am in a position authoritatively to deny this story, which by the way is being circulated with remarkable persistence. M. S. Hellman, who ought to know, says that the City Gas Company is by no means at the end of the \$1,000,000 originally raised in stock subscriptions and that there is no necessity of

a bond issue and no bonds will be issued until the construction campaign calls for them.

River Bed Grab.

The river bed franchise of the Los Angeles Harbor Railway Company—Bird and Wintrobe—is scheduled to come before the council committee of the whole on Saturday of this week. Prophecy is out of place at the time this was written, but if I am any judge of councilmanic wisdom and councilmanic motives, I think the nine gentlemen who represent this city will dodge the question with surprising unanimity. I have tried for about two weeks to learn who is behind this deal, but the veil of mystery will not lift. The river bed is a municipal loaded gun. It is too dangerous to be meddled with. Several councilmen found that out when the Gilmore railway franchise deal was pending; some more councilmen learned that it was loaded when a bunch of philanthropic gentlemen sought to create a sand monopoly for their own benefit. Say river bed franchise nowadays and still other gentlemen in the council shy worse than a colt at a piece of paper in the street.

Loaded.

It's loaded; nine councilmen know it. If they tamper with it, no one knows the violence of the explosion that may follow.

Will Beat It.

Joe Kemp, assistant manager of the Amos News Company, the concern that sells "Your Own Home Paper" from the street carts, is the first victim of the anti-racing-tip ordinance. "Your Own Home Paper" has been guilty of selling the New York "Telegraph" and the San Francisco "Call," which contain racing tips. It is promised that several newspaper publishers are also to be prosecuted. This matter may as well be fought out in the courts. The ordinance is plainly unconstitutional and if enforced will end the sale, in Los Angeles, of nearly every newspaper published in the United States. There is no question that "Your Own Home Paper" will beat it.

University Presidency.

Lester F. Payne writes in "Town Talk:" "The terms of Charles Ellinwood and J. A. Waymire, Regents of the State University, having expired, Governor Gillett appointed William H. Crocker and Frank Johnson to succeed them. And now the friends of Benjamin Ide Wheeler are trying to figure out the strength of his tenure of office. The fact is that neither Wheeler of Berkeley nor Jordan of Palo Alto is quite so well entrenched in office as formerly. Both have been losing their grip. One of the results of the re-

cent scandal at Palo Alto was the throwing of a white light on the principles of the management of that institution. In Berkeley there is a greater breadth of mind, philosophically speaking, than at Palo Alto, but President Wheeler has made many enemies by his political activities, and by making the university serve the sinister purposes of his social cronies. In the fight over the Berkeley postmastership President Wheeler involved himself in serious complications, incidentally exciting the displeasure of the Governor of the State. Now the Governor of the State is ex-officio President of the Board of Regents, and were he inclined to order the removal of Benjamin Ide Wheeler from the presidency of California University, the probability is that he would be promptly obeyed. One thing is certain, and that is that Governor Gillett has the votes. There are twenty-two regents of the university. Of that number six are ex-officio members of the board. These are the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Speaker of the Assembly, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the President of the State Agricultural Society, and the President of the Mechanic's Institute. The regularly appointed regents are I. W. Hellman, Chester Rowell, Charles Slack, Jacob Reinstein, John E. Budd, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, A. W. Foster, Garrett McEnerney, Guy Earl, Father Peter C. Yorke, John A. Britton, Frederick Dohrmann, James W. McKinley, Thomas R. Bard, William H. Crocker and Frank Johnson. Now it is believed that there are fifteen votes that would be available were a demand to be made for a change in the presidency of the university. At present nobody is stimulating agitation in favor of Dr. Wheeler's removal, but it is no longer a secret that when he was up to the ears in Berkeley politics some months ago he was given a tip to the effect that it was his business to preside over the university, and that it would not be advisable for him to exert his official pull in opposition to the wishes of his superior officer, as Governor of the State. In the town of Berkeley Dr. Wheeler is very popular, and it would distress the community sorely were he to transplant his educational talents. The townspeople regard him as the embodiment of culture, and there are some of them who cannot conceive of the university doing business at the old stand without the sage ministrations of an executive genius of his transcendent powers."

Wheeler.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler's personality and his administration of affairs at the University of California have never appealed to me. Yet I must admit that Benjamin Ide Wheeler has stated the attitude of California toward Oriental immigration with more force and exactness than any writer in the past twenty years. Writing to "Leslie's," Dr. Wheeler says:

"The western hem of the Americas is a narrow strip between mountains and sea, but a determined though scanty population is holding it like a picket line to make it the firm selva of Occidentalism. The boundary line between the Orient and the West must fall in the Pacific, not within the continent of America.

"The regulation of Oriental immigration

cannot be lightly dismissed by the American people as an issue of sand-lot agitation and the narrow self-protection of labor unions. California has given the nation a world of trouble over the matter, but it is not a California question. Like forms of protest and conflict have lately emerged in Vancouver, in Seattle, in San Francisco, in Valparaiso, in Australia and New Zealand. It is not a California question; it concerns the whole Pacific rim; it is a Pacific Ocean question. As an international concern the trouble is only in its beginning. Japan resents being classed as Oriental. Some day China will advance to speak for herself, and

it is with her that we ultimately in first line have to deal. Much calmness and patience and firmness will be in demand, for these people are to be our worthiest counterparts and neighbors, and with them we are to share the arena of the great ocean. In all their unlikeness to us they claim our sound respect, and we must live and deal with them in peace; but let no man imagine the chances of mutual respect and common understanding and kindly peace in any wise impaired by the frank possession of many thirteen-inch guns."

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

In these piping days of peace there is a lull in the millinery world; the wardrobes are for the nonce full and replete with pretty garments, and our patient salespeople are having a breathing space, "after the Fleet." I found that the busiest department in the Ville de Paris this week was that of the pretty new wash goods, which is the title given to the finest and airiest of fabrics. Embroidered batiste seems to be leading this spring and deserves its place, in good sooth. I saw a tempting roll of pale pink in this material, covered with the finest of eyelet embroidery in white threads for \$1.50 a yard. Again, a sheer white batiste had for ornament a large regular green spot in the form of a raised button. The cotton voiles I saw at the Ville were quite novel and charming, and came in stripes, checks, dots and figured patterns. The white goods is a very alluring department at the Ville this season. All the doings in white poplins, piques, duck or smooth all linens, ready to make up into tailor-made garments; tan linens in all shades, greens, Copenhagen blues and evening shades. For uncut wash and linen goods, my dear, it is the Ville de Paris.

"When in doubt, wear lingerie." is the edict that comes forth from the dress and robe department of the Boston Store, and it is a good rule to remember. You can always keep up with the crowd and look dressy in one of the soft, clinging Princesse or two-piece wash garments they have at the Boston Store, and at such a reasonable figure. I saw a dinky, dainty, pale blue gown, with smatterings of lace in the cutest coat effect for twenty-five dollars. It was smart enough for a garden party, and yet entirely possible for street wear. Then the beach suits at the Boston Store are very smart and tailored looking; jolly big coats with collars and cuffs of various shades, making the smartest of outing suits, and can be found as low as fifteen dollars.

And again I found the interest at Blackstone's chiefly centered around the silks and fine dress goods, by the piece or yard. I saw some of the newest ideas in robes or dress lengths in this Rajah silk we have yet had. The patterns are woven in contrasting shades along the breadths, forming the most effective trimming for waists and skirts. Persian designs in all the weird oriental colors were woven into a wide border, on plain tan or colored silks. This silk is known as the "Zira," a cousin of the Rajah family.

You ought to see Blackstone's new silk patterns, dear girl; they are all the latest fads in the old country.

At our good friend's, Meyer Siegel's, 253 South Broadway, this week, I found a most tremendous hustle going on. Everyone seemed to want a new gown fitted and delivered instantler, and the twenty-five or more fitters upstairs were making a nice, steady progress toward nervous insanity. I was peeping around for a lazy robe, a kimona or matinee, one of these "slithy" garments that slip on so softly, and are always greeted with a sigh of relief from the "bonds that bind us." My child, while busy unearthing a simple wrapper for mine own simple self, I saw some of the most attractive, not to say wonderful, lace and silk chiffonified gowns at Siegel's, all supposed to be for the privacy of Miladi's boudoir. Ye gods and little fishes! What wonderful splendor to hide under a bushel. Anyhow, some of these soft, silken gowns in lavenders and blues and pinks, with long floating sleeves and fine laces and ribbons were too delicious for words. Some of them come in Empire style, really and truly slipped on with one jerk over the head, and with nary a fastening button to worry about. Others in the kimona fashion were elaborately covered with flounce upon flounce of Valenciennes lace, and had dear little peek-a-boo neck places. They're all ravishing, my dear, and surely worth a visit to Myer Siegel's

Well, once more I am

Sincerely yours,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa street, May fourth.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.



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Deborah's Diary



MISS BELLE HAMBURGER

On Tuesday afternoon the Misses Belle and Evelyn Hamburger will give a testimonial concert for Miss Gertrude Cohen at the Hamburger residence, on South Figueroa street. Miss Belle Hamburger will render selections from "Il Trovatore" and "Pace, Pace, Mio Dio," from "La Sforza del Destino." Miss Cohen will, of course, give a number of her brilliant piano selections. This young girl has gained a deal of local fame, and the best wishes of a large circle of friends and admirers will go with her when she leaves for Europe to finish her musical education under the tutelage of Paderewski. Patronesses for the concert are: Mesdames G. J. Birkel, P. G. Hubert, I. N. Van Nuys, J. A. Carr, Alfred Solano, John H. Norton, J. B. Banning, J. F. Sartori, Godfrey Holterhoff, L. M. Cole, H. W. Hellman and Robert Wankowski.

Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom of 2070 West Adams street, was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a luncheon given in honor of Mrs. Nathan Cole, Jr. Covers were laid for mesdames Mary H. Banning, H. C. Dillon, Wiley G. Wells, Alden, W. W. McLeod, J. W. Johnson, Harriet Wright, Henry Gooding, Francis Eastman, W. H. Fuller and Miss Eugenia Hobbs.

On Thursday one of the most important events of the season took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, on South Figueroa street, when Miss Laura Solano became the bride of Harry Logan. The ceremony was performed by Bishop

Conaty, assisted by Rev. Frank Conaty and Rev. Father Richardson of St. Vincent's. Miss Elizabeth was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Annis Van Nuys, Miss Eva Elizabeth Keating, Miss Nina Jones and Miss Bess Millar. The groom was attended by Mr. Manuel Solano, and the ushers were Messrs. Will Wolters, James Slauson, Fred Stamm and Reginald Johnson. Supper was served on the porch, which was converted into a bower of ferns and flowers.

The junior class of the Westlake School has issued invitations for a dancing party to be given May 22, at Kramer's, in compliment to the senior class.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. John H. Norton of West Twenty-eighth street entertained, in honor of Miss Constance Britt, with a matinee party at the Auditorium and a luncheon at the Hotel Alexandria. Guests included members of Miss Britt's bridal party.

The Flower Show, which was to have taken place at the Foy home on San Rafael Heights last Saturday, was postponed till today on account of the rain. The quaint scenes from "Alice in Wonderland" promise to be a charming feature of the affair.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kennedy of the Log Cabin on Adams street were charmed to hear of the arrival at the Kennedy home of a beautiful baby girl. Mrs. Kennedy was Mrs. Truman, and is one of the handsomest of our young society matrons.

Mrs. O. W. Childs has left for New York City, where she will meet her daughter, Emmeline, on her return home from Paris. Afterward they will return to this city to their old home on Twenty-eighth street.



THE WORLD-RENOUNDED ZARINA GOLD CREAM

is prepared after the Formula used at the COURT OF THE ROMANOFFS.

The only Perfect

TOILET CREAM

For those of

REFINED TASTE.

The only cold cream for all wishing a

CLEAR, BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHY COMPLEXION.

UNEQUALED AS A SKIN FOOD.

ONCE TRIED YOU WILL USE NO OTHER.

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SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Many and varied are the entertainments promised and arranged for the pretty daughter of Mrs. Willie as a welcome from her old friends. Miss Emmeline will spend the summer vacation with her parents, and will then return in the fall to her convent school in Paris. Mr. O. W. Childs is at the Alexandria Hotel during her absence.

A wedding in the near future, which will attract much interest in the social world is that of Mrs. Lucille Gay to Mr. Barclay Brown, a prominent young real estate man of this city. Mrs. Gay is a devotee of the golf links, as well as of the drawing-room. The wedding, which takes place at the end of the month, will have the good wishes of the hosts of friends of the young couple.

Mrs. Randolph Miner, Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Longstreet are in San Francisco receiving Admirals Evans, Thomas and the fleet. I wonder if Mrs. Miner will join in the grand march up North as she did down in the City of the Angels.

Miss Genevieve Downing, a pretty southerner, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth, for some months, left this week for her home in Kentucky. Miss Downing was accompanied by Mrs. Hollingsworth. Monday afternoon Mrs. R. V. Day of St. James Park entertained with a farewell luncheon for Mrs. Hollingsworth and Miss Downing.

Owing to the death of the brother of Mr. William Miller Graham of Villa Bellosguardo, the dance with which Mr. and Mrs. Graham were to have entertained on the twenty-eighth was abandoned.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from Los Angeles are: Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Raney, Miss J. S. Herzig, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Borroll, Miss Elizabeth Borroll, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Edmundson, Miss Frances Edmundson, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Raney, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kissam, F. N. Camfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dange, Miss Adelaide Linkel, Mrs. E. G. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stutsman, Mr. and Mrs. M. Stewart, George W. Harding, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Galbraith, Mrs. W. H. Sibbold, Mr. V. R. Galinger.

An appeal is being made by the Bethlehem Institution, of which Rev. Dana W. Bartlett is the head, to all club women to join the Bethlehem Auxiliary, membership in which costs one dollar. The institution needs \$1200 with which properly to prosecute its work. The money should be forthcoming without a moment's delay, as in its chosen field of endeavor the Bethlehem Institution is accomplishing a world of good. The dollar should be sent to Mrs. C. N. Sterry, at 2632 Ellendale Place, she being the secretary, but no doubt any of the following

Automatic Refrigerators

The method of construction in the Automatic Refrigerator insures advantages unequaled by any other refrigerator made. The consumption of ice is kept down to minimum; an even, low temperature is constantly maintained. Food is kept pure and sweet, and the mixing of odors is absolutely prevented. Simplicity of operation makes these refrigerators most easily cared for.

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ladies, who comprise the committee, will receive contributions: Mesdames C. C. Carpenter, Sumner P. Hunt, Fred A. Walton, Thomas E. Gibbon and John R. Haynes.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

On the Stage and Off

Were it not for the fact that the Neills are to be starred next week in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," it would be easy to predict that "Salomy Jane" would run two weeks at the Burbank. The performance of Paul Armstrong's play of western life at Morosco's theater excels the syndicate production in that each bit is of individual excellence, given with a finish and a carefulness not found in traveling shows. The scenery is artistic in detail, and the "giant redwoods do not call for too great a stretch of the imagination.

The superlative is needed to praise the Jack Marbury of Byron Beasley. The author has overdrawn this character, but nevertheless has given it an indefinable something that grips the heartstrings. And in the hands of Beasley it is tremendously effective. Louise Royce, too, steps out of the background with a portrayal of Lize Heath that deserves a paragraph rather than a line.

It is well nigh impossible to discover in Colonel Starbottle the nonchalant Henry Stockbridge. The delineation of the eccentric old southerner is a triumph, both in make-up and characterization.

There are a half-dozen vivid pictures drawn by William Desmond, unusually virile as the Man; Gerald Harecourt, convincing and picturesque as Larrabee; John Burton, bluff and hearty as Yuba Bill; H. J. Ginn, somewhat too wholesome as Rufe; and last, but not least, small Peter Clancy, and the little Waters girls as the children.

Blanche Hall plays "Salomy" with all the intensity and naive sweetness of a child of the redwoods. The simplicity of Salomy, her unquestioning abandonment when love touches her heart, are no less charming as

voiced by Miss Hall than her bloodthirsty, yet womanly, denunciation of her father's enemy. And the quaintest, most charming feature of the play is when she looks up at the Man who has captured her heart and drawls softly, "Say, Man, what's your name?"

"Salomy Jane" is simple and rustic, and yet melodramatic; but it breathes the atmosphere of the open plains and the fragrance of the great trees. And, best of all, its virtues, there is no uncomfortable problem to be solved.

"It is to laugh" indeed at Francis Wilson, who is enlivening the Mason stage in "When Knights were Bold." The play itself is an odd conceit, not original, but ideally adapted to farcical purposes. Briefly it concerns one Sir Guy de Vere, an exceedingly modern young baronet, with a fondness for undignified romping, who falls asleep in 1906, and, waking up in 1196, is thrown headlong into all sorts of ludicrous predicaments.

From the moment Wilson steps onto the stage, accompanied by a wonderfully natural sneeze, he creates a gale of laughter. There is a laugh in the mere wave of his hand or the crook of his eyebrow; he gets a hand where another comedian would be greeted with frozen silence. He has none of the physical attraction one looks for in a male star; but nevertheless he surmounts that obstacle with his art. And it is evident from the uncontrollable laughter of his fellow actors that more than one of his quips are ex-

Wilson's support is better than is usually accorded a star. Mary Boland is a charming Larrabee, and Augustin Duncan and Clarence Hammondsides share honors

among the male actors in the cast.

If the blues bother you, watch Francis Wilson climb in and out of a suit of armor, and you will find it a better tonic than a Red Raven brown-taste destroyer.

The Los Angeles Theater closes its season this week. It was the intention of the management to run a melodrama house for the summer months, but this arrangement has been cancelled, and the theater will be dark for some months.

Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Belasco—Unless at the very last moment Manager Blackwood discovers that Los Angeles is anxious for another week of the "Girl," the postponed farce, "Before and After," will give some members of the company a vacation and others a chance to go to work.

Burbank—It has been some years since the Neills—James and Edythe Chapman—played on Morosco's stage, but they will be royally welcomed next week when they reappear in their old success, "Pudd'nhead Wilson." Harry Mestayer will also make his re-appearance, doubtless to the strains of Lohengrin.

Grand—A quaint and pretty romance is "The Belle of Richmond," which the Ulrich Company present at the Grand next week. This is a play for lovers, and for the world that loves a lover. The play, the place, and the people are distinctly southern, with the comedy relief drawn from Yankeedom. This is the first local production of this play.



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LAST TIME SUNDAY OF

"The Girl of the Golden West"

BEGINNING MONDAY

"Before & After"

Regular Belasco prices prevail. Every night, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 75c.

Orpheum—The Empire City quartette, unrivaled fun makers and singers of the peculiar stamp demanded by vaudeville patrons, head the new bill commencing next Monday. They have new songs and new comedy of the same good old kind. Orth and Fern are also musical comedians of repute. They are not so well known as the Empire City four, but if the advance notices are a criterion, they will be strong competitors for first honors. The three Leightons return with a new act under the old name. "A One Night Stand in Minstrelsy," which will be given the glad hand by all who have heard these genial exponents of black-face fun. There are still more laughs promised, for the acts retained this week are in the comedy class. Stella Mayhew and Billie Taylor are the chief laugh-getters of the present week, Leo Carrillo has some excellent comedy, the Keen-Briscoe pair will repeat "A Trial Marriage," Cole and Rags are comedy jugglers, so it rests with Helen Bertram to supply the serious and substantial in her operatic selections.

Fischer's—Manager E. A. Fischer announces for next week a costume comedy, "Mephisto." The play is a fanciful affair, whose characters run the gamut from "Faust" to the Roman drama. Miss Bessie Tannehill, besides singing another of her famous solos, "Carrissima," this time will play the part of a young Roman sculptor in love with his statue of Galatea. Miss Nellie Montgomery will be the statue, which subsequently comes to life. George Morrell will be cast in the title role, while Evan Baldwin will assume the duties of his secretary, pro tem, and Herb Bell will have his usual comedy role. Fred Gambold, under whose direction the playlet is produced, plays a Roman astrologer. Evan Baldwin and the Fischer chorus will sing "True Heart," while George Morrell will warble "Rain in the Face." Miss Montgomery will be heard in "Moonlight Reveries," and the opening chorus number if from "The Honey-Mooners." Avil and Grim, in a comedy horizontal bar act, provide the vaudeville number.

FISCHER'S THEATER

E. A. FISCHER
Manager

Home A 6968 119-121 W. First St., Sunset Main 4044
WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 11

"Mephisto"

New Song Hits, Advanced Vaudeville Numbers, and the latest Moving Pictures. Matinees daily, except Friday. Ladies' Souvenir Matinee Thursday. Friday, Amateur night, always a hit. Prices, 10c and 20c. Reserved Seats, 25c. Evening Shows at 8 and 9:30.

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Both Phones 1447

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Week Commencing Monday Matinee, May 11.

Empire City Quartette,

The Greatest Quartette of Singing Comedians in Vaudeville.

Three Leightons,

"A One Night Stand in Minstrelsy."

Orth & Fern,

Musical Comedians.

Helen Bertram,

Famous Prima Donna.

Keane-Briscoe Company,

"A Trial Marriage."

Leo Carrille,

Dialect Stories and Mimicry.

Cole & Rags,

Eccentric Jugglers.

Orpheum Motion Pictures,

Second Week of Laughter.

Stella Mayhew,

Assisted by Billie Taylor.

Matinee Every Day.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

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Main Street Between First and Second.

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Week Commencing Sunday, May 10.

"THE BELLE OF RICHMOND"

By SIDNEY S. TOLER

If you have laughed and sighed over Opie Reid; if "Way Down East" and "Under Southern Skies" and "Arizona" touched a sympathetic chord; if there is a romantic recollection of an eastern or southern home in your heart; then "The Belle of Richmond" will surely please you.

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATRE

Sixth and Main Sts. Phones 1270

Last Times Saturday of

"SALOMY JANE"

Next week beginning Sunday afternoon

James Neill and Edythe Chapman
In

"Pudd'n'head Wilson"

Matinees every Sunday and Saturday, 10c and 25c. Evenings, 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

In the Musical World

By FREDERICK STEVENSON

Suppose now, for a moment, the quite utterly un-supposable—that Mr. Hamilton had for some reason or other to retire from the conductorship of the Symphony Orchestra.

Suppose, again, that his place had for financial reasons, to be filled by some one already on the ground. Who would be the man? Or, rather, who should be the man? For it is one thing to know the right man, and quite another to have the people believe it.

I will give my brother critics three guesses—six, ten—and they will not come within hailing distance. The public would fare no better.

The coming of Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra, the Campanari Orchestral affair and the Poulin performance of "The Crusaders" combine to lend a goodly share of interest to the question.

There is one musician of the city who, I am convinced, would prove to be a revelation in orchestral work in general and in symphonic work in particular—Ferdinand Stark.

It is easy to imagine the surprise of the many, and the shrugs and raising of eyebrows of the elect, over an assertion of this order.

"Stark," these folk will say, "why, he is a restaurant man, a superb player of popular stuff, and probably unrivalled in his own particular line. But a symphony man? Surely there must be some mistake."

There is no mistake. I would bank on Ferdinand Stark's abilities in any and every sphere of purely orchestral work. In opera, or in choral and orchestral combinations, he might probably find his limitations.

I have many reasons for my belief. Ferdinand Stark knows his instrument, loves it, and plays it like the artist he is. He knows his material thoroughly—his music, his men, his instrumentation.

He has power, magnetism, musical insight, temperamental qualities in lavish supply, a splendid eye for color, a superb disdain of the trumpery clap-trap of the average theater orchestra, a fiery horror of the un-homogeneous, and the gift of the training of men.

Do you ask why, with the inheritance of his musical upbringing, his schooling among the big men of his day, his symphonic experience and his exceptional capability, he is content to remain a restaurant man? Money, certainly.

Ferdinand Stark is making some \$6000 a year by night work alone—no trouble, no anxiety as to the outcome of a symphony season, no mighty shiver over the possible break up of tours or the ever-recurring vagaries of pupils.

The man is a martinet of the most rigid and uncompromising sort. For men who can stand his drastic method of training he is probably the best taskmaster in the world—and once they have passed the testing time, and learned to know the man, they know what delight in work really is.

What would happen if Ferdinand Stark were stood up before an average Western Symphony orchestra may easily be imagined. There would be separate rehearsals for the separate choirs of strings, wood-wind and brass. There would be hot times galore over wood-wind pitch, over brass and tympani usage, over symphonic tonal character, over the trials and tribulations incidental to the fascinations of the rubato, over the tremendous climaxes which would surely be brought about by the onrush and impetuosity of this unusually gifted musician.

I am not suggesting for one moment that Mr. Hamilton should be supplanted by Mr. Stark. That were impossible. Mr. Hamilton has done what no other man could possibly have done for symphony music in this city; and it would be absurd to deny his right to the conductor's desk as long as he cares to hold it.

But I do wish that there were some means by which Mr. Stark could have the opportunity of showing the stuff of which he is made—of showing the differing color of the differing brush.

The University Club gives a private hearing to him and his orchestra on Thursday evening next, and they will enjoy an experience which should certainly be available to music lovers in the aggregate.

It is pretty early days to talk about fall doings; but mention may at least be made of the combining of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott with the Krauss String Quartett for a series of concerts during next season.

This is distinctly good news—the more especially because positive promise is made that modern music will be made specially prominent and every effort made to provide intrinsically attractive programs.

Good. The antique has had a pretty good innings, and it is about time that we took account of the newer and greater beauty.

The Damrosch programs show the spirit of the day. Good bye, old Sawdust!

Mrs. Etta Edwards sends me programs of her Chicago recitals, and I am glad to recognize one of my old harmony pupils, Miss Anna Louise Week, among those doing work of the very highest and most versatile type.

Mrs. Edwards is a woman in a thousand, and it rejoices me greatly that in spite of the affliction which has been visited upon her husband, she is always able to build so royally for her pupils and for him.

Archibald Sessions continues to send glowing accounts of his eastern successes. Meanwhile his Christ Church duties are in the hands of a lady recently from the middle west.

Richard Jose is the saving grace of the Los Angeles Theater this week. The farce, "Don't Tell My Wife," is played by a company which is decidedly amateurish, with the exception of Susan Howard, who plays a maid with Shakespearean proclivities. It were unkind to criticize further. Jose sings with the uncannily sweet voice that is always startling, issuing, as it does, from his massive bulk. His high, thread-like tones would be more suited to the soloist of a boy's choir than to a brawny physique.

His "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "River of Life," have a sympathy of expression that is lost in his other songs, although his "Dolly Gray" is sung with a deal of fine spirit. But it were better for

Mr. Jose to capture his fine pianist and hie himself back to vaudeville and the phonograph, leaving farces behind him.

John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, is pretty well known in Los Angeles, not only professionally, but personally. This being the case, his friends will take an interest in knowing that the yarns about "his real name" are again going the rounds of the papers of the United States. Sousa himself answers all inquiries as to "his real name" in this fashion:

"The story of the supposed origin of my name is a rattling good one, and, like all ingenious fables, permits of international variation. The German version is that my name is Sigismund Ochs, great musician, born on the Rhine, emigrated to America, trunk marked **S. O., U. S. A.**; therefore the name. The English version is that I am one Sam Ogden, a great musician, Yorkshire man, emigrated to America, luggage marked **S. O., U. S. A.**; hence the cognomen. The domestic brand of the story is that I am a Greek named Philipso, emigrated to America, a great musician; carried my worldly possessions in a box marked **S. O., U. S. A.**; therefore the patronymic.

"This more or less polite fiction, common to society, has been one of the best bits of advertising I have had in my long career. As a rule, items about musical people find their way only into columns of the daily press, a few of the magazines, and in papers devoted to music, but this item has appeared in the religious, rural, political, sectarian, trade and labor journals from one end of the world to the other, and it is believed that it makes its pilgrimage around the globe once every three years.

"Its basilar source emanated about ten years ago, from the always youthful and ingenious brain of the publicity promoter, Colonel George Frederick Hinton. At that time Colonel Hinton was exploiting Sousa and his band, and out of the inner recesses of his gray matter he involved this perennial fiction.

"Were it not for the reproving finger of pride, pointed at me by the illustrious line of ancestral Sousas, I would let it go at that; were it not for the decrying bunch of sisters and brothers ready to prove that my name is Sousa, and I cannot shake them, I might let all questions go unheeded.

"My parents were absolutely opposed to race suicide and were the authors of a fam-



Damrosch Orchestra

ily of ten children, six of whom are now living, all married and doing well in the family line; so well, indeed, that I should say about 1992 the name of Sousa will supplant that of Smith as our national name.

"Now for the historical record: I was born on the sixth of November, 1854, on G street, S. E., near Old Christ Church, Washington, D. C. My parents were Antonio and Elizabeth Sousa. I was christened John Philip at Dr. Finkel's Church on Twenty-second street, northwest, Washington, D. C., and would say, had I an opportunity to be born again, I would select the same parents, the same city, and the same time; in other words, I 'have no kick coming.' "

Already all of the local musical organizations have been invited to participate in the Coast Saengerbund which convenes in Los Angeles some time in October. It is the intention to entertain the visitors with an evening of music by Los Angeles clubs, and invitations have been extended, or will be, to the Symphony, the Ellis Club, Orpheus Club, Women's Lyric Club, Treble Clef Club. With these societies to draw upon an evening of music can easily be arranged that will please the visitors. It is understood that at this session of the Saengerbund plans

will be formulated to bring the next National gathering of the Saengerbund to Los Angeles.

The big musical event of this season is coming next week to the Mason, under the management of L. E. Behymer, of the celebrated New York Symphony Orchestra, known probably to more people as the Damrosch Orchestra than under its proper name. Many new works have been given under the Damrosch direction this season, and for the first time we are to hear them on the Pacific Coast. Thursday evening, the 14th, is to be the French-Italian night, with eight new selections not yet heard in this city. The numbers constitute a musical education in themselves. The Friday matinee is to be what would be considered by some as a classical and popular program, and is the special program selected by the teachers of music at Berkeley, and constitutes the numbers for the grand concert at the Greek

Theater week after next. A greater or more varied musical feast has never been offered to the public. For Friday evening, May 15, the Russian-Slavic night, devoted to Russian, Polish and Bohemian composers. It is a beautiful series of numbers, many of them not yet heard in this city. Of the soloists, nothing but praise and laudatory press notices has been heard in the East, and Mr. Damrosch will introduce them for the first time in this city.

Miss Alice Wernlund has just returned from two years' study in New York under Edward Strong and Oscar Saenger, where she devoted herself to concert, church and oratorio singing. Miss Wernlund has arranged to give a song recital Monday evening, May 25, at Blanchard Hall, assisted by Natalie Talbert, reader, and Mrs. Hennion Robinson, pianist. This is to be one of the interesting musical events of the season's closing.

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Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

Steckel's galleries, 336½ South Broadway, opened last Monday with an unusually large and select miscellaneous exhibition of paintings from the following artists: Jules Pages, J. Bond Francisco, E. A. Burbank, Charles Henry Grant, John A. Donovan, Fernand Lungren, Margaret Patterson, J. E. McBurney, Sidney J. Yard, Hobart Bosworth, Fanny E. Duval, Lyda S. Price. All the above names are well known in Los An-

geles except Sidney J. Yard, who exhibits here for the first time. He is a San Francisco painter, and so strong in his work that he is considered on an equal footing with Keith, though Mr. Yard is a water colorist. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Steckel found it impossible at this time to obtain more than one example of his work, a landscape of exceptional beauty; the trees rendered in rich golden greens and yellows,

beautifully drawn, full of depth and mystery; the sky showing large masses of clouds in lovely soft greys, yellows and violets; all admirably balanced, fine in composition; strong, yet full of tender poetry; the whole may be summed up as a gem in the water colorist's medium, and only makes us long to see more of this artist's work.

E. A. Burbank shows three remarkably good canvasses; one especially so, called "The Old Musician"; as it implies, showing

an old man playing on a bass horn. There is not one fault to find with this exquisite piece of painting, beautifully drawn, perfect in composition, and a poetical bit of color; the technique and handling of the brass instrument is marvelous, and it is most pleasing to see such mastery of color and technique. The pose of the old man, who is all absorbed in his music, shows the tender pathos of life, one who is evidently alone in the world, who has retired for the moment from its hardships and struggles in this, his fast-fading earthly light to commune, as it were, with the great beyond; it is a beautiful piece of human poetry, a gem of the painter's art. Another canvas of a negro "mammy" being reflected in a looking glass, is also a gem, wonderful in expression and in texture, the handkerchief in the head beautifully painted. Another is of a negro boy, resting after an inordinate fill of watermelon, with several large juicy cuts still in front of him, to tempt him to further efforts in the gastronomical line; this also is an exquisite bit of painting, with the texture of the negro's skin wonderfully rendered. The great charm of Mr. Burbank's painting is that with all the minuteness in his work, he still keeps perfect breadth throughout his picture, a thing not easily retained with such careful painting and attention to the smallest details, but shows the finished artist who is master of his work.

Miss Duval's "Chrysanthemums" holds the place of honor over the mantel. It is a large and important canvas, and was exhibited in the Buffalo Exposition. Miss Price again shows her "White Lady," which was in the Paris salon some years ago.

There are several canvases by Hobart Bosworth, the actor. This artist shows remarkable improvement in his work, proving his industrious nature, as one would think

that the stage occupies the best part of his time, and that spare moments are taken up by needed recreation instead of working at the easel, but perhaps Mr. Bosworth finds in this work an outlet for another expression which serves as a complete rest. It is evident he has a great love for color, and delights to express it through the brush. The three canvases he shows are much more ambitious and larger than he has ever shown before; one in particular of mountain scenery, snow-capped, which is good in color as to the mountain and clouds, but the row of trees in the foreground is not quite happy or harmonious in color. But the great fault with this canvas is the composition of line, which is quite wild. Had the picture been reduced in size by cutting off ten or twelve inches of the right side, and three or four of the lower edge, it would have composed in line much better. Another canvas, a sunset, with a very cloudy sky, is very good, both in color and composition.

Fernand Lungren shows several of his western canvases, which are executed in his usual clever manner. John Donovan shows several of his splendid marines, as also does Mr. Grant. J. Bond Francisco has three of his most interesting canvases done in his usual strong and forceful manner. One especially is very interesting, showing a lumber wagon descending a mountain road-way; the picture is full of life and interest and exceptionally well painted. Jules Pages shows several small canvases done with a surprising dash and vigor. Margaret Patterson shows some fifteen pastels and a water color, all fine bits of color; nearly all, except three moonlights, are simply decorative pieces, having a strong flavor of the poster effect. They are very rich and harmonious in color and show strength and vigor in handling, but are decorative and not pictorial and suggest the effect of stained glass windows of a flamboyant type. The three moonlights are exceptions and very true in color and tonal effects; in fact, splendid renderings of moonlight with an extraordinary tender warmth and richness that make them very captivating. Mr. J. C. McBurney shows an example of oil color that at ten paces could easily be taken for a timid water color. It shows a flock of sheep at pasture. On the whole the exhibit is an unusually interesting one, with quite a few gems to absorb the spectator's regard.

The Los Angeles College of Fine Arts, at Garvanza, received last Tuesday a collection of seventy-five sketches and paintings from the Art League of the Art Institute of Chicago, that will remain on public exhibition until Wednesday, May 13. It is the custom of the Art League to send its work out West every year, but it has never been west of the Rockies until this year, and it is due to the energies of William Lees Judson, the director of the College of Fine Arts, that this instructive collection has been secured for Los Angeles. One can better appreciate and understand the energetic and good work Mr. Judson has done in securing this exhibit, when we say that solely through his efforts it travels straight from Spokane to Los Angeles, passing even San Francisco, as it is late for exhibition in Burlington, Iowa, in the middle of May. This exhibition arouses our natural curiosity

from the reason that it is claimed by many to be the birth of new American landscape painting. That is, it started the new method of painting landscape untrammelled by too much academical applied problems and an absolute freedom from the precepts of all foreign academies. Mr. Judson is very enthusiastic over this league of artists, who, as he claims, are the very founders of a really distinctive American school: naturally it will be most interesting to take it up from this point of view as well as the individual merit of the work. As we are compelled to go to press before being able to see the work, we shall take great pleasure in reviewing the exhibit in our next issue. Mr. Judson is very successful with the college, which the large increase in its buildings and consequent accommodations, goes to show, its classes gradually becoming larger as time rolls along. He has just engaged a graduate of the Art Institute to teach modeling and many of the crafts, such as basket making and the making of articles in wrought metal. Pottery has been one of Mr. Judson's hobbies for some time, and he does some interesting work. He has not only been successful with his school, but has had a very prosperous year with his own paintings.

Those who have not paid a visit to Franz A. Bischoff's gallery and studios in Garvanza, situated near the Cawston Ostrich Farm, have really missed one of the best things in Los Angeles. Paul de Longpre is known as the King of flower painters, that is, in water colors; but Mr. Bischoff can well be termed a King in Ceramic flower painting. He has a marvelous surety, swing and dash, coupled with accuracy of drawing, force of expression and poetry of rendering, all held in sweet and beautiful harmony of perfect composition, with a splendid eye and recognition of decorative knowledge and values that are captivating in the extreme. As a colorist he has marvelous force and beauty, with a faultless rendering of all the thousand and one imperceptible tender tones that the flowers give, and he renders them with a beauty and purity of tone that is truly wonderful, and proves himself to be not only an artist of a very superior genius, but a man of deep study and of attainment that only years of hard work can possibly accomplish. His work is well expressed on small pieces, as a rule, but on immense vases and plaques. Two unusually large vases were seen that were perfectly beautiful, though neither were finished; one was decorated with purple Petunias of every shade, the other with Peonies; both showing a mass of the flowers full size; there were also some large pieces with roses, full size, in all their grandeur and richness. Mr. Bischoff is not satisfied to remain as a master of Ceramic flower painting, but is showing great ambition toward landscape painting. He has in his gallery some little gems of color that are alone worth a trip to see. Visitors are welcome at any time during the day. To those visiting the Ostrich Farm, it is only a few minutes' walk from there. He intends to hold an exhibition of Ceramic work the latter part of this month; due announcement will be given later, after which Mr. Bischoff goes to Seattle to teach his usual summer classes.

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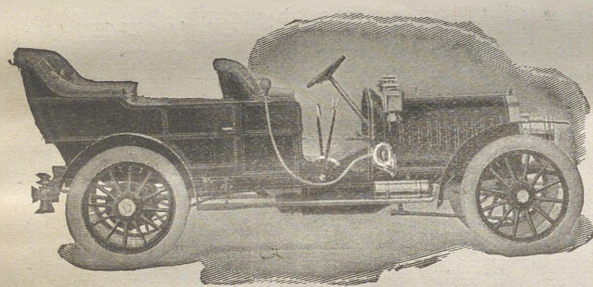
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Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

Bill Ruess in a two-cylinder runabout. Imagine it, think of it, and then see it. It is worth looking for. The exact inner consciousness of Bill's leaving the White place I do not know, nor do I care. There was talk of his taking the Pope-Hartford agency alone, but from what I hear the factory was exorbitant in its demands, so Bill very wisely told them they could place their old cars with somebody else. Now Bill has found what I really believe to be his "Me-tier." He has gone with the Maxwell people, and I look for him to make a record during the coming year. Bill is a seething mass of energy, and is, without doubt, one of the greatest hustlers in the business today. He now has an outlet commensurate with the bubbling energy within him. Bill is placed where he is going to do a lot of good for himself, for the automobile business, and for Southern California. Let me elucidate. The



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Maxwell car is one that is designed to give the most strength and service for the least possible cost. The model best known is the two-cylinder runabout, a perfect car for the farmers. It is light, strong and easy to run. It forms one of the line of automobile apostles that have been gradually bringing the ranchers and pumpkin raisers to forget their absurd prejudice against the horseless vehicle. Last week I had a considerable something to say about Franz Nelson's plan for a "Ranchers' Day." I tried to explain the advantages for the "Good Roads Movement," by following that plan, and, in reading it over afterwards, I believe that I was more or less convincing. It is right here that Bill is going to do good work. By hustling sales amongst the ranchers of our country he will carry with him not only his jolly personality that forces us to like him, but a succession of gospel tracts that will drop with every lively argument from his lips. Men like Bill Ruess and Walter Sahland are doing a grand work for Southern California. They are working for their living, it is true, but every gallant soldier is working for his living, yet we give him no less credit for that. These men are persuading the farmers that the automobile is a necessity to them. The consequence is that ranchers are paying more attention to the roads, and when a rancher goes after the roads, the latter come pretty near to being fixed. Thus they are helping materially toward good roads in the most effective way possible. They are also helping to counteract the terrible curse of the local "fly cops," the miserable upholders of the "Conservation of Ignorance" that have done more to hold back the progress of our wonderful country than all the hard times and E. T. Earl put together. These salesmen of cheaper machines are educating the farmers, and with the education of the farmers we are gradually gaining what we need. Good roads, friendly greeting wherever we take our cars, decent police supervision without ignorant and mercenary arresting, and in consequence a good name in the East. Every car that Bill sells in the country will mean so many more wealthy tourists who will bring their machines out to this, the paradise for motorists.

And so the fish stories have commenced. Before I start on the subject of fish stories, let us consider what a wonderful boon to sportsmen the automobile has been. Going back about six years I remember that a trout fishing expedition was quite an event. First, one had to collect the impedimenta and write ahead for mule transportation from the nearest railroad station to the fishing grounds. Then you had to arrange to take at least four days off from business, and set aside no mean sum for transportation. Then you had to notify each member of the party just what he should bring, and to have it ready at a certain hour on Friday afternoon, so that the expressman could call for it. About two o'clock on Friday you began to call up on the telephone, reminding your people not to forget their tackle, and to be sure to be at the Santa Fe depot at a quarter of six. Arrived at the depot, and all the baggage checked, you waited till the last minute for the other arrivals. Out of eight promisers about six would usually arrive. Then you got in the train and journeyed slowly for many hours,

alighting at Azusa, or Caliente, or El Toro, or wherever it was, in the dimness of the night. Then you had to pack the mules and ride or trudge many miles to the camping spot. Tents pitched awkwardly in the dark and a hurried supper at midnight were not conducive to an early rise. Then you had, perhaps, two days of good sport, more than half spoiled by the thought of a neglected business and the tedious return home.

Compare that with the fishing expedition of today. You invite one friend who has nothing particular to do, and a car and get him to start Saturday morning with the tent and one other friend. Saturday afternoon you jump into the machine and simply ride around and collect the rest of the party. There is no checking of baggage, no waiting at the depot, and no maddening waits at the telephone. Each man has time to think over his share of the impedimenta at the time of starting, and, if he has forgotten anything, he simply gets it and shoves it into the tonneau. You leave town at sundown and, in a few hours, reach the camping place with a good appetite for supper. You find the tent pitched and the fire alight, everything all ready for supper to be cooked. You get to sleep in good time and wake early with a joyful throb inside that tells of the open air sport before you. Finally you strike camp on Sunday evening and ride back to town after a good day's sport and the loss of not a single business hour. And how, I ask you, could you do this without the two five-seaters in which you rode out there?

Most of the auto people were out last Sunday and they came back with plenty of trout. So far I have not seen any presented to me by a grateful and admiring reader, but I live in hopes. Bill Ruess went up the Sespe with a bag of tackle, loudly vowing that, if any of the party had forgotten theirs, he would make them dig deep for the use of his extras. Franz Nelson went along with a party of laymen southward to the Trabuca Canyon, which lies some thirty-five miles southeast of Santa Ana. The fishing was good and so was the rain which began to drop on them about mid-day Saturday. They struck camp and made for a neighboring tin mine where they took shelter in the cook-house and I can quite believe Nels when he says that they did not do a thing to the edibles within said cook-house. It was a trying drive through the rain and over a poor wagon trail and they were all wet to the skin when they arrived. I have an excellent mental picture of the husky Nels as he squeezed the water from his clothes. "Believe me, Jack," said he, "below where I performed this operation a deep gorge was cut in the side of the hill by the torrent that flowed from my trouser legs as I vigorously wrung my drenched duds". That was bad enough but he started in on a snake story. It is wonderful how truthful a man can be when he talks about Diamond tires, for instance, and yet when he starts on snakes and fish.—What's that Nels? Oh No, that's alright, sure Diamond tires are fine tires. What? Eh? You bet.

Here is one on Walter Sahland. The man with the heart-warming smile blew out to the wilds of Monrovia in order to persuade the truculent grower of citrus fruit

that he must buy a Tourist car if he wanted to be a real farmer. Walter worked very hard for several days with but little result. "Finally" says he, "I thought I had a man caught. He was so nice and friendly and seemed to take such an interest in my explanations and eulogies of the Tourist cars. When I left him I begged to be allowed to return shortly, intending to carry his signature back with me. My amiable tiller of the soil said never a word but stepped over to a peculiar looking tree, apparently of the lemon variety. From its branches he plucked an enormous piece of fruit, very yellow in color. This he carried to me and presented it with a sad smile. I put it in the tonneau, and measured it in Monrovia. I found it to be eighteen inches in circumference, and was told that it belonged to the genus 'Chinese lemon.' Say, how can a fellow sell cars in Monrovia?" Walter, you had better take a fishing trip.

The Greer-Robbins combination of calorified atmosphere, hustling and good-fellowship, backed by a really good car, has placed a truck with Newberry's necessities of life emporium. I hope, and I really think that this truck will make good. Every step in the advance toward successful use of the commercial automobile is that much ahead for the transition of motoring from a game to a business. I am sure that I am joined by every sportsman and motorist in this town when I say that I hope to see this truck make good. The truck is designed on rather new lines. The engine, the same as is provided with the 20-H.P. runabout, is placed under the driver's seat; the transmission is heavy and strong, and is of a specially designed sliding type. The main feature of the machinery is that the differential is driven by a worm gear. This is of a ratio sufficiently coarse to allow back action. In other words, the rear wheels will turn when the car is pushed by hand, or will coast down a hill without undue friction in the gear. As everybody knows, a fine worm gear acts almost as a perfect lock when the driven shaft acts as a driver. The great beauty of this form of transmission is the gentle, one might say "suave," way in which the power can be applied to a heavy load at the start. When the clutch is thrown in there is no jerking and wrenching, as with a chain or direct shaft drive. The play in the screw allows the latter to come quietly up to the sides of the cogs and then exert an all-powerful leverage that starts the truck without a quiver. I understand that everything else about this machine is designed for the hardest usage, and with the solid tires I cannot see where the Newberry concern can have made a mistake. Tomorrow I shall order five cents worth of sugar from Newberry's on condition that they will deliver it in the new truck. What? Oh, I can afford a few extravagances, all right.

And speaking about the Mitchell people, they must be a pretty live concern, judging by their program for their annual California jubilee. They invite all owners of Mitchells to meet in San Jose July 3. Here they hold a hill climb and present winners in the different events with "Jolly fine" prizes. The next day they hold a run to Del Monte, where they lay out a grand old spread. During the day they have a very quaint event in the grounds of the hotel. There are about seventeen miles of road through the

grounds of the hotel, and a prize is offered to the driver who can cover this distance as nearly as possible in an hour and a half with the speedometer removed or covered.

Sidney Kendal, the man with the accent of an Englishman, the cuteness of a Yankee, the cleverness of a Californian and the good-fellowship of a New Yorker, was doing his best to sell a 1907 Rambler when I went in to see him. As you may know, Siddie now owns the Angelus Garage, at Third and Main, the same place in which Will Dandy was recently interested. I had a very interesting talk with this same man from Manchester on the subject of the repair business. His verdict is that it can be made to pay with proper business management. Looking after the leaks is the main thing, and making prompt collections another of them. With a proper time card system and careful supervision, it is possible to make repairs with a minimum of material waste, a minimum of expensive time; that is work by a high-priced man, and thus in a way that appeals to the customer, because his work is done quickly and his bill does not show large items of "Time, 75 cents an hour." Siddie is the man who can follow out his own ideas, if I be any judge of human nature, and the crowded state of his place of business seemed evidence that the auto-owning public agrees with me.

Enter then one Jack Keough. Jack sat down and began to be very interesting. He

always is when I can get him alone and start him to talking. If there be anything in the world that this man has not seen and done, I want to find it. His subject was sailorizing on the Great Lakes. I cannot reproduce his talk, and it would not appear so very lively if I did, as much of it was technical. His grasp of the details of marine machinery is wonderful, and, when he turned from that to navigation, he dropped a tip for the elimination of logarithms that is a new one on me, and I really thought that I knew something on the subject. Jack has been turning his attention to the making of a carburetor. This is the way he sizes up the situation. "The average carburetor that does good work is too complicated. We must remember that most chauffeurs like to monkey, and when they monkey, then the carburetor gets out of adjustment." I asked about Jimmy Speed's invention. "A great one," he said, "and does wonderful

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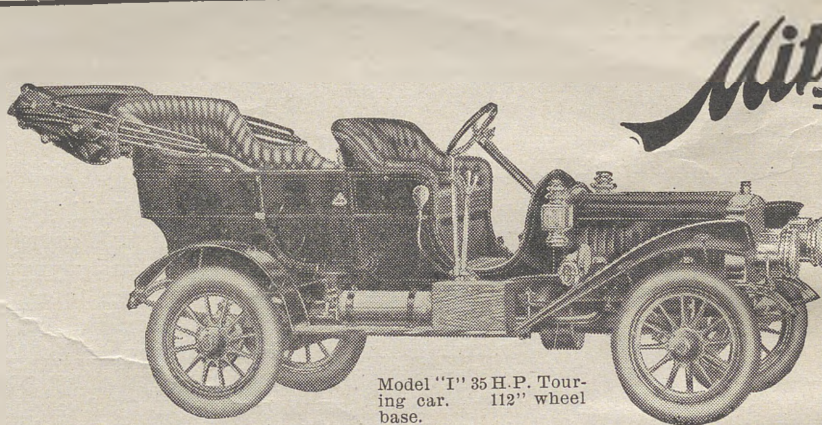
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work, especially on big engines for traction on railroads, where a skilled mechanic is in charge. But you must not alter the adjustment. If you do, you put it on the hog. Although I think that Speed has reached a very advanced point in this line, I believe that I can improve on it. I am going to turn out a carburetor that is strong and fool-proof." Go ahead, Jack, old boy, here is one scribbler who will lay alongside with the large boost at all times. And speaking of Jack Keough, Jimmie Speed and others, just look around and see how many clever and useful mechanical inventions are coming out of Los Angeles. There are a great many smart fellows of their kind who have good things that are waiting for capital. The trouble is that the tendency in Los Angeles is to look on all inventors as bores and cranks. Some day some man with money

will wake up and make a large fortune by backing some of our local mechanics who have bright ideas and clever hands.

This is not a funeral announcement, but the Gold-Dust Twins are no more. I found Pat and Doc Green holding down the office of the Hotel Royal de Cadillac, and noted that the floor was shining with an unusual cleanliness. I said that the Gold Dust Twins must have been at work, but Pat smiled and said that they had sent the carpet out to be cleaned. Alas, that Pat should be so busy selling Cadillacs that he has no time to scrub cement floors and afford me much amusement, and excuse for drivelling jingles. Pat paid me a graceful little compliment, which I appreciate very much. It expresses a feeling that I wish all auto dealers felt. Somebody in the office made a laughing remark to the effect that I had no business there looking for dope, as they had cut out their ad. Pat turned to him and said quite vehemently, "Well, what the blank difference does that make to Jack?"

Things are looking up all down Auto Row. There is no hot air about this, and it is not only the high-priced cars that are selling. The people with the good ears of all sizes are getting rid of them, and getting cash payments. I have had ocular proof of this in a dozen different place, and when the auto business bucks up, it is a sure sign that everything else is going strong. Hang on everybody, we'll be out of the shoals and in deep water p.d.q.

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Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, February 14, 1908.
RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$ 9,512,260.02
Bonds, securities, etc.	2,699,852.33
Cash and sight exchange	4,302,876.44

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits	1,496,163.29
Circulation	1,250,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	145,000.00
Deposits	11,873,825.50
Other liabilities	500,000.00

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

papers, nearly two weeks behind the "Graphic." And while the details as printed created no decided advance in the securities affected, one result has been to stiffen things materially, with considerable of a demand. Union has been selling close to \$230 a share within the week, and I miss my guess if the stock does not reach \$250 a share before its proposed successor makes its appearance on the board.

With not sufficient trading to keep one exchange alive, the two local exchanges find it a hard pull to keep moving, and one must retire before long. The membership of the Los Angeles-Nevada is seeking to have all charges lifted for a time—or at least cut in half. This proves my contention made in this column weeks ago, that unless local securities also were handled, the new enterprise must, in course of time, be forced to the wall. The Goldfield contingent that forced the gilded brick of an alleged "industrial curb" early in the game, now is willing to do almost anything to keep things together. I am afraid, however, that it may be too late. Los Angeles will support one exchange, but is must be conducted on a decent plane; not as a bucket shop or pawn-brokerage establishment.

Money conditions in Southern California continue unchanged from last report.

Bank stocks are considerably stiffer.

The oil stocks continue to show decided strength.

Bonds are weak, as also are all the electric stocks.

The regular quarterly dividend of \$1.25

a share on Los Angeles Home Telephone Preferred is due and payable.

Hobart Crane has resigned the cashier-ship of the Citizens State Bank of Sawtelle, and W. W. Haskill, late of Sterling, Ill., has been elected in his stead.

The Savings Bank of San Bernardino has been organized with a capital of \$50,000; the officers are: President, John Andreson, Sr.; vice-president, A. L. Drew; secretary and cashier, John Andreson, Jr., who with C. A. Burchman, R. L. Burchman, W. D. Wagner, F. C. Drew, Richard Stewart and Richard Gird constitute the board of directors. Some changes in the board will probably be made before the bank opens for business.

The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the Union National Bank of Pasadena to begin business with a capital stock of \$100,000. P. I. Stuart is president, C. W. Smith and B. F. Ball are vice-presidents and E. H. Groenendyke is cashier. It will take over the commercial business of the Union Savings bank.

Bonds

A bond issue for \$5000 is proposed at Ocean Park, to provide for about a mile of additional water pipe.

The board of supervisors of Los Angeles County will sell bonds of the Miramonte school district to the amount of \$16,000, on